



RANDY WEAVER IDAHO SHOOT-OUT: The Real Story BANNED IN THE U.S.A. Clinton's Surprises for Gun Owners

SADDAM'S REVENCE: American Soldiers Poisoned By Oilfield Arson

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SOF's Most Significant Article

from Robert K. Brown:

On page 68 of this issue, SOF carries the most significant piece of investigative reporting we have ever published.

"Scott Barnes: The Flake That Changed America's Future" reveals in detail how a known pathological liar/con man, with help from a British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) producer conspired to effect the American 1992 presidential election.

By indirectly causing billionaire businessman H. Ross Perot to temporarily withdraw from the race, these two not only ensured that Perot could not win, but swung the election solidly in the Democrats' favor. The subsequent election victory by the Democrat Bill Clinton will affect the lives of every American for at least the next four years and perhaps beyond.

I feel this article is of such significance that I'm publishing the introduction in this column:

When Ross Perot abruptly withdrew from the presidential race on 16 July 1992, many of his supporters forever lost the faith. It may be argued that had Perot stayed the course in his bid for the presidency, and not stutter-stepped in and out of the race as he did, the American presidential election of 1992 might well have ended in a three-way horse race and been decided in the House of Representatives. However, a series of bizarre events in Dallas during August '92, involving Scott Barnes, a known con man, and David Taylor, a BBC producer based in Washington D.C., conspired to dramatically alter the results of the U.S. presidential election and therefore the future of the United States.

There are serious questions of wrongdoing involved. Not since Watergate has an American presidential election been so flagrantly tampered with.

Post-election data now confirms that Perot's presidential bid succeeded above all in having a negative effect on the Bush/ Quayle campaign.

Did Perot drop out of the race because "it was the right thing to do," or because, as he later stated, the Republican dirty tricksters were planning to disrupt his daughter's wedding? Why was David Taylor whispering conspiracies in Ross Perot's ear and what was Taylor doing in Dallas videotaping the likes of Scott Barnes planning to bug Perot's offices? Why would a BBC producer provide a videotape of these shenanigans to Democratic Sen. Tom Harkin of Iowa, and why would Harkin later deny ever looking at it? Who planned the entrapment of Texas Republican Campaign Chairman Jim Oberwetter in Dallas in August? Was "the plot against Perot" just the ramblings of a known con man, the ramblings of Perot, or both?

Why would someone with Perot's penchant for investigation consistently and willfully disregard withering evidence of Scott Barnes' lack of credibility when it had been brought to his attention by virtually every law enforcement and intelligence agency in the nation for nearly a decade?

Maybe it's as simple as one high-ranking FBI official theorizes: "It doesn't matter whether you've got ten bucks in your pocket, or ten billion, you believe what you want to believe." The reader will therefore have to decide which parts of the article are more disturbing — the questions, or the answers?

"Scott Barnes: The Flake That Changed America's Future" continues on page 68. 突

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FEATURES



"Dirty Dozen" - page 54

21st CENTURY PERSONAL DEFENSE WEAPON Peter G. Kokalis Fabrique National's P90 bullpup is a bold new concept designed to replace

SOF correspondent turns Croatian irregulars into top-notch snipers using sporting

SADDAM's REVENGE Dale B. Cooper SOF investigates what effects Saddam Hussein's oil field arson had on our troops during Operation Desert Storm. Could petrochemical poisoning be the next

SOUTH AFRICA's SHIELD: 115 BATTALION Peter G. Kokalis Our Tech Editor travels to South Africa's Transvaal to train and review elite counterinsurgency unit 46

SPEED TRAP Isaac Staats California's No. 1 storefront "sting" operation pitted drug agents against criminal chemists - with both sides armed and edgy 50

Dutch "Dirty Dozen" and Yank merc wreak havoc on friend and foe alike before



Lucky 13th - page 58 **Photo: Peter Noble**



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STANDOFF IN IDAHO: THE RANDY WEAVER INCID

SCOTT BARNES: THE F(L)AKE THAT

Saddam's Revenge - page 42

Photo: DoD

Photo: courtesy Isaac Staats



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COVER

FN's P90 bullpup Personal Defense Weapon anticipates the next millennium as the forerunner of an entirely new class of military small arm. See story on page 32. Photo: Peter G. Kokalis

BULLETIN BOARD



Korean War veterans lay a wreath at the grave of Syngman Rhee, president of the Republic of Korea from 1948 to 1960. These vets are all participating in an expense-paid tour of Korea sponsored by Koreans who want to give a tangible thanks to those who fought communism on their behalf. All Korean War-era (1950-55) veterans qualify and their only expense is their airfare. The cost of a five-star hotel, meals and myriad in-country tours for one week are picked up by a consortium of grateful Koreans. We never said thanks — so if you want to hear it, sign up for one of these Koreansponsored tours. Further details are available from Art Manger, 600 Michael Lane, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272-2027. Photo: Jean Ayers Hartley

THE RUSSIANS MADE US DO IT!

Two photo captions in the February 1993 issue of *SOF* contained errors:

• On page 32, in the feature "Africaans AK" by Peter G. Kokalis, the photo on the lower left is not an "ultra-short R6 carbine." The caption should read: "Slide-action Vektor H5, field stripped. Note thumb-hole buttstock and 4x32mm scope mounted to the heavy receiver cover. Photo: courtesy LIW

 On page 36, in the feature "Along Bosnia's Ho Chi Minh Trail" by Peter Douglas, the caption states that Pace's Yugoslav M70AB2 rifle has the safety off. No, this is not some bizarre variant that has the safety positions reversed, the safety is actually engaged. Kudos to several sharp-eyed SOF readers who noticed the error.

GULF WAR: FINAL ACCOUNTING

U.S. taxpayers ended up paying roughly \$7.4 billion for the American share of the Gulf War bill. Other Coalition partners coughed up a total of \$48 billion in cash and donated another \$5.6 billion in equipment, we usually have to remind folks that about all you can learn in two weeks of bad "military" or "combat" schooling is how to be a corpse. But one of the schools we can recommend is Genesis, based in Michigan. For the first time, a "ranger" course will be available outside the United States for veterans, civvies, reserve and active-duty personnel. Genesis has made arrangements with the Kaibil Special Forces of Guatemala to provide instruction and ordnance for a "Jungle Phase" slated for 15-29 supplies and services. Major contributors were the United States, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, United Arab Emirates, Japan, Germany and South Korea.

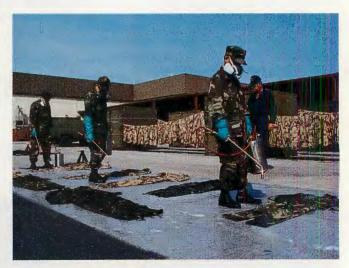
The Largest contributors were Saudi Arabia with \$16.8 billion, Kuwait with \$16 billion, and Japan with nearly \$10 billion.

RANGER THAN FICTION

d their only We get a lot r hotel, meals of requests for picked up by a id thanks — so e Koreane from Art CA 90272-2027. There's a lot of 'em out there, some good and some bad, and April 1993, with the second and third phases on for late '93 and early '94. They are also sponsoring a Friendship Jump in Honduras and an Air Assault course in '93. For more information, contact Genesis, Dept. SOF, 3036 Lake Lansing Road, Suite 150, East Lansing, MI 48834; phone: 517-351-3113.

DoD ADOPTS SIG-SAUER COMPACT PISTOL

Troops required to carry a concealed handgun will be issued the M11, the GI version of the Sig-Sauer P225 9mm pistol. The DoD contract has been let for 4,680 M11s, with an option for a total of 16,380 by the end of 1993. The only other entry in the competition was a compact model of the Beretta M9, current sidearm for U.S. forces. Replacing the 2-inch .38 Special revolvers now in service, the M11 has a magazine capacity of 13 rounds, weighs 29 ounces, has a 3.86-inch barrel and is 7.08 inches long, compared to 8.5 inches for the M9 Beretta.



Diseases have always caused more casualities than combat, and two-thirds of the militarily important diseases are transmitted by insects and other arthropods such as ticks. Here Navy personnel from the Disease Vector and Control Center treat U.S. Special Operations Command (USSOCOM) uniforms with a new Army-developed Permethrin compound (NSN 6840-01-334-2666) that keeps bugs away almost indefinitely. A test subject group in the Everglades wearing untreated uniforms averaged 2,287 mosquito bites in nine hours; another group wearing the treated uniforms got only 54 bites — those wearing treated uniforms and a skin repellent got two bites. Photo: USSOCOM PAO



An Advanced Training Manual for Military and Police Snipers by Maj. John L. Plaster, USAR (Ret.)

This may be the only military/police sniping and long-distance precision shooting guide you will ever need. It is not a dry, technical military manual but rather a highly readable and extremely valuable training book written by a U.S. Army Special Forces/MACV-SOG veteran with a

THE ULTIMATE SNIPER

REGG





MARCH 93

ARMY CANCELS GSTS STAR WARS

The Army has canceled the \$594 million "Star Wars" R&D contract with McDonnell Douglas due to shrinking defense budgets. The Ground-based Surveillance and Tracking System (GSTS) was to have led to a single high-tech headquarters in the United States that would be the heart of a system to locate, track and coordinate

attacks on incoming nuclear missiles.

STORM VET NEWS:

Desert Storm C o a l i t i o n V e t e r a n s Memorial Fund (900 Brentwood Road N.E., Box 9 1 9 5 1 , Washington, DC

20090) has been set up to erect memorials in all Coalition countries, with the main memorial in Kuwait City and a replica in Washington. Contact them for details.

Persian Gulf War Veteran's Association is being organized. For details, contact Sergeant "Buck" Martinez, P.O. Box 4521, Stockton, CA 95204-0521.

"Gulf War Syndrome" Victims Assistance is available from the following organizations:

- Military Families Support Network (Attn: Dorothy Brooks, President), P.O. Box 2047, Bules Creek, NC 27506; phone: 919-892-9315. - VA Medical Center (Attn: Esther Cooper, Administrative Coordinator for Persian Gulf Veterans), 50 Irving St. N.W., Washington, DC 20422; phone: 202-745-8000, Ext. 8248. — "Sgt. Shaft Column," The Washington Times, (Attn: John Fales), P.O. Box 65900, Washington, DC 20035-5900; fax: 301-622-3330. — VFW National Veterans Service (Attn: Frederico Juarbe, Director), 2200 Maryland Ave. N.E., Washington, DC 20002; phone: 202-543-2239. **Desert Storm Veterans Coalition** (Attn: Betty Zuspann), P.O. Box 820223, Fort Worth, TX 76182; phone: 817-666-2175.

For more information concerning Gulf War Syndrome see "Saddam's Revenge" on page 42 in this issue of *SOF*.

SHINING FREEWAY GUERRILLAS?

Since even in its heyday communism never managed to establish an appreciable terrorist base in the United States, time is running out and it looks like we may have to import one. The Revolutionary Communist Party, a radical anachronism dedicated to Maoist thought and to Peru's "Shining Path" terrorist guerrilla movement has moved into Los Angeles in the wake of last year's riots ("the rebellion") and is having a certain modicum of success recruiting among new Hispanic immigrants.

Noting that "people here come from

cultures that are engaged in revolutionary wars" and that such newcomers show considerable "hatred" of authority, the RCP has decided they have "potential to carry out а proletarian revolution." The group is certain it is

gathering strength and is quite open about its admiration of foreign left-wing terrorists. Although the temptation is to laugh at such bizarre and discredited leftovers of history such as the hardline communists still in Russia and Yugoslavia, or the armed nut-cases of Peru's Shining Path, ask yourself how many bent heads does it take to close down a freeway with sniper fire, or blow a power station, or set fire to a national forest?

AND SPEAKING OF LEFTOVERS

We recently noted that President Chamorro of Nicaragua has hinted that General Humberto Ortega, head of the Nicaraguan armed forces and brother of Danny Ortega, the voter-ousted communist former president, might be looking for a job if he doesn't keep his place. Now, during a recent visit to Honduras, Gen. Ortega said that all six countries of Central America should unite their military forces, saying "Central America should have only one army, because it is one region." You bet --- right after Canada votes to become the 51st state. Sounds to us like somebody is trying to line up job opportunities.

PHONE HOME (AND NOT LEAVE A TRACE)

Don't know exactly why you'd want to do this, but if you do, listen up: An outfit named "Untraceable Phone Calls" is now providing a service whereby your incoming/outgoing phone calls can be routed through their "blind" switching machinery, so someone reviewing your long-distance bill will not be able to tell who it was you called — and persons calling you know only your number and not your location or identity. If nothing else, it should provide some peace of mind for phone perverts. Further details from Untraceable Phone Calls, Dept. SOF, 10 Lilac St., Suite 105, Sharon, MA 02067; or phone (if you dare): 617-784-9015.

(LEAVE MY) PHONE ALONE

Tired of bimbos and bozos calling you to the phone with offers of vinyl siding during naps/meals/M*A*S*H reruns? An outfit called "Private Citizen Inc." is marketing the tools (via junk mail, not junk calls) to allow downtrodden disturbees to fight back. For a reasonable fee, subscribers to their service become part of an association that contracts to "telemarketers" (aka @!@#\$%&*!!) to let them pull you from your warm dinner, and use your telephone equipment to tell you about their subscription plan/lawn insurance/ aluminum siding (etc., ...). The usual fee is \$100. That's \$100 they owe you if they decide to accept your offer to use your time and telephone equipment. The Wall Street Journal noted, "Their strategy is mischievous, ruthless, and surprisingly effective." I like the ruthless part. Contact Robert Bulmash at Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 233, Naperville, IL 60566; phone: 708-393-1555 for complete information.

R.I.F. READING

With the great drawdown in full swing, a lot of active and reserve military personnel have some important and difficult — decisions to make. Dr. D. F. Reardon is a psychologist with some 15 years' experience counseling military people and their families. Reardon has distilled his wealth of experience into a single wellwritten, illustrated, organized volume to help GIs make the right decisions. In Or Out Of The Military — How To Make Your Own Best Decision is a 144-page, large-format book that pretty well covers it all, and could be the best \$14.95 (plus \$1.35 postage) you ever spent. Available from Pepper Press, Dept. SOF, 1254 W. Pioneer Way, Suite A266, Oak Harbor, WA 98277.

VIET VETS WANTED

Researchers at the University of California at Irvine are studying the aftereffects of the Vietnam experience. Veterans who served in the Vietnam War and would like to participate in this study will be asked to complete an anonymous mail questionnaire. This study is in no way related to Veterans Affairs and will not reveal participants' identities. If you would like to participates, call 800-359-3694, or contact Roxane Choen Silver, School of Social Ecology, UCI, Irvine, CA 92717. X



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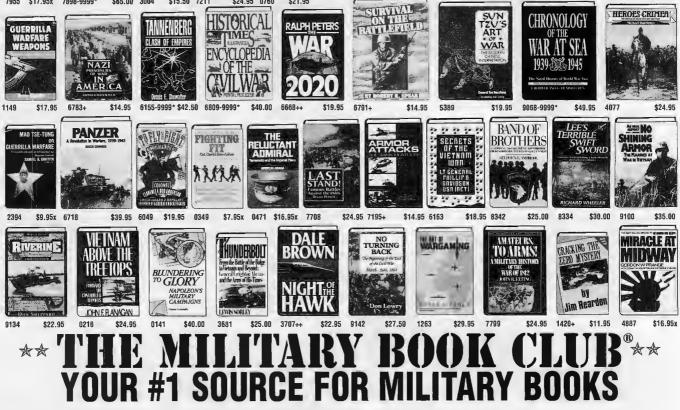
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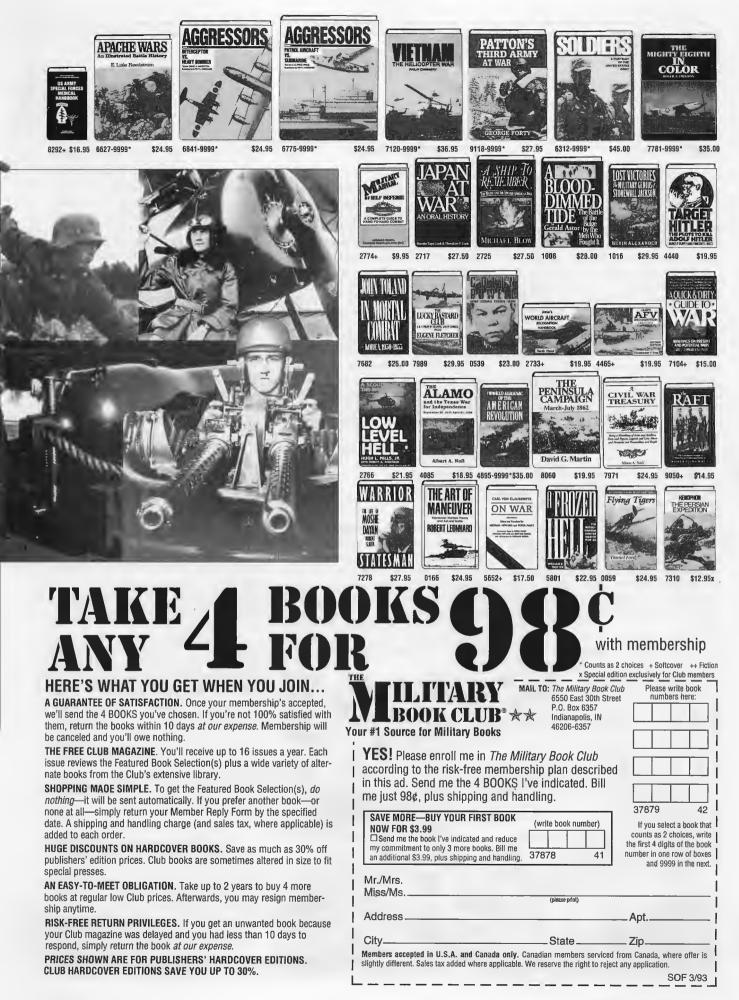
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MARCH 93

FLAK

MISSING FACTS

In your May '92 "Command Guidance" and an Oct. '92 response to a "FLAK" letter, you commented that the Hanoi POW/MIA office was now run by a "young lieutenant colonel who has no background in the subject." I had to write and shed some light on facts which you failed to present.

The current officer in command of the Hanoi office was my battalion commander for over a year. He is an honest, hardworking and dedicated officer who has the best interests of his country and his soldiers in mind always. He is an experienced infantry officer who is both airborne- and Rangerqualified. More important, and contrary to what you have written, he served as an enlisted Marine in Vietnam, where he earned the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry. Indeed he does have "background in the subject" — he was there.

Before he left command to move to Hanoi, he personally told me and all the officers in his command that he would do his best to uncover the truth. Since then I have been sent to Cambodia on U.N. duties, and have corresponded with him. He is still dedicated to the "full accounting" that is the charter of that office, and I have total faith in his honesty, ability and candor in executing the duties of his office.

John K. Collison U.N. Observer, Cambodia

LET CONGRESS TAKE THE PAY CUT

I am a specialist in the U.S. Army and I have just read an article on lower retirement pay for service members.

I have just one thing to ask our Congress: What is this bullshit? You ask us to serve. Which we do with pride, and you pay us back with this. We serve in Korea, Germany and the Gulf, and our payback is shrinking ranks in our forces, no damn money to buy needed replacements, kicking out some damn good NCOs who have served for 10-15 years and closing U.S. bases. Well, maybe if we spent money on our soil instead of somebody else's then we might have some money in the economy. I hope my retirement pay didn't go for a raise you just gave vourself, bad checks you wrote, or HUD.

You can vote your own self into office next time; I won't.

Randy L. Joy Camp Giant Korea

INADEQUATE TRAINING

I read with great interest Andy Stanford's "Combat Weaponcraft [Nov. '92]." I am not normally a quitter, but one reason I decided to leave the active Army Reserves is exactly what Andy's article addresses.

I used to run the ranges in my unit as the NCOIC. I begged, pleaded and argued that shooting at 25m reduced



FULL COURT PRESS

targets just does not cut it. There is a joint military-civilian range not far from our unit that could have been used to do some realistic shooting — i.e., silhouettes at 100-200 yards, the usual killing range. I made the arrangements to use the range and had a complete program laid out for my Als and safety NCOs, but when I sent to my S-3 shop, I was shot down.

Not wanting to give up, I went back continually to urge the S-3 to look at realistic shooting. I even had outside sources lined up. Namely a reserve shooting team to aid in trigger squeeze, sight picture, etc. Still I was not allowed to train the soldiers in a realistic situation instead of silly 25m shooting.

After hitting my head against a bunch of bureaucratic, paper-shuffling, job-secured pseudo-soldiers in the S-3 shop, I finally had enough. What will it take to keep soldiers alive?

Name Withheld Marengo, Illinois

NECESSARY MORAL FORCE

Regarding Rex Applegate's riot control article [Dec. '92]: I've known Rex since I was supervisor of the IACP Police Weapons Center project during the Nixon administration. Unfortunately, not much has progressed in terms of U.S. police and National Guard units being equipped with effective, modern riot-control equipment.

More critical to riot control than equipment is the moral will to resist anarchy. Interestingly, the National Guard firing on rioting students at Kent State in 1970 had another effect than the bad PR Rex mentioned. Largescale rioting on American campuses fell off sharply, since pampered demonstrators now had to face the consequences that Third World radical students had always faced.

Another consideration is the inadequacy of non-lethal weaponry when police are confronted with a massive county-wide insurrection like L.A. '92. The only available non-lethal weapon for countering rock-throwers and roving bands of looters was the ARWEN (Anti-Riot Weapon, Enfield) rubber-bullet gun issued to Los Angeles sheriff's sergeants. Only about 200 of these are in service, with far fewer actually employed. Police were left with the PR-24 baton, pistols and shotguns. National Guard units have 36-inch batons, but these were soon replaced

STUN GUNS

WHAT IS A STUN GUN?

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by M16 rifles, a more serious deterrent to gangsters driving around with cars loaded with guns and Molotov cocktails. The moral force necessary to control city-wide riots and looting must come from individuals. An armed and determined populace will not tolerate such things.

For example, in the 1906 San Francisco earthquake's aftermath, a gentleman saw a thief remove a watch from a dead man's pocket. Outraged, the gentleman drew a revolver and dispatched the robber on the spot. This sort of moral outrage is more important than any equipment in preventing future riots, but right now that seems to be in shorter supply than RAP grenades or SHOK batons.

David E. Steele

Los Angeles, California

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Reading Dale Cooper's "Caribbean Snowstorm" [Jan. '93] brought back memories of the Prohibition era. I grew up in Norfolk, Virginia, [when] the bootleggers were doing a land-office business.

These new speedboats the Treasury Department uses are splendid, but we had similar ones back in the late '20s and early '30s. Most mounted a 37mm gun on the deck. Unlike the present dope runners, the old rumrunners shot back. I knew several and they traded bullets with the Coast Guard and police with no hesitation.

One came through town and the local gendarmes took up pursuit. Soon .38s were drawing fire from "Old Slabside's" Model 1911. The cops were really scared of this man, an old family friend who you would not have taken for a criminal. Later, after Prohibition, he went legit and ran a local business. But he carried a S&W .38 on his hip. I asked him about it, and he told me that once you carry a gun, you have to carry it the rest of your life. He lived to die of old age.

We kids used to deliver newspapers to the local Coast Guard base, and in the Depression the boys in the fast boats would give us breakfast. This was in the Depression and those fellows sure ate well!

One thing about living to old age: it gives you perspective.

Horace B. Weaver Pantego, North Carolina

JUDGE BY PERFORMANCE

It's about time the pampering of females in the military was exposed, and your article ["Dereliction Of Duty," Jan. '93] was right on target. There's no room for substandard performance when our national security is involved and the lives of countless thousands of service members are on the line. Males and females *must* be measured the same — either put up or shut up!

I've been in the Army since 1988 and am now an Army National Guard lieutenant. I am also a police officer in a major city. I have seen firsthand the detrimental effects of affirmative action, both racial- and gender-based. In a word, it's all bullshit. Equality will only exist when all people are judged equally, without being given bogus Brownie points.

Judgment must rest solely on performance, with no consideration whatsoever given to gender, race, nationality and so on. The best person for the job (and I've known some damned good female soldiers, by the



way) is the only acceptable standard. Until this happens, "equality" is only academic.

Anthony M. Smith

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET

If you thought we were "volunteered" into a quagmire in the Vietnam War, wait and see what is upcoming in Somalia.

We are going into a land that is at least the size of California, with a population about the same size, where the goal has always been for a female to have as many children as she can so at least a couple will survive.

Many of the young men are druggies, chewing a narcotic plant that is not only cheap, but at times free to pick. There is no school system. People are uneducated, untrained and mostly unskilled.

We are going in there to feed the population, save the kids from starvation, repair the cities, start a government, repair the buildings, homes, roads, phone system, water system, sewer system, start up schools and train the citizens so that they may *eventually* take over. Don't forget, we must also start up the ability to grow their own food and import the farming tools and farming.

All this at an estimated cost of \$600million dollars a day. This will sure help our national debt. Whatever happened to staying out of the internal affairs of a foreign government?

Bob Steiner

Upland, California

WORTHWHILE CAUSE

Regarding "War on Wildlife" [Jan. '93]: Now that the Afghan Freedom Fighters Fund is closed, could I suggest we set up a fund to train and/or arm Third World wildlife officers in their fight to stop poachers? Most guys could give these men more field gear than they seem to be issued now. I would also volunteer to give some training, as I am sure others would be willing to do if invited.

A Faithful Reader

PRO-GUN ALLY

I am elated to see an increasing number of references to gun control in *SOF*, from full-length articles to notso-subtle "Support the NRA!" blurbs sprinkled throughout each issue. Supporters of the Second Amendment find precious few outlets in the liberalcontrolled media, let alone allies. Your help in informing people of the antigun attacks on our Constitutional right to keep and bear arms is greatly appreciated.

Anthony M. Smith Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 叉

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The Fish & The M60

I WAS THERE by Michael A. Marsh



"I soon came to realize that the M60 was sort of an extension of the Fish's soul, or maybe The Fish was an extension of The Gun's soul." Photo: DoD

I first met "The Fish" in late November of '68 in a bunker at Fire Support Base 16, west-northwest of Dak To. I was his new squad leader and had just come to the 2nd Battalion of the 503rd, 173rd Airborne Brigade, after the 2nd had been involved in a major battle at Hill 875 and sustained major casualties.

The Fish was about 5 feet 7 inches tall, thin and had a fleshy yet gaunt face, with an unhealthy pallor to his

skin that suggested he may have grown up in a mushroom cellar or spent his life under triplecanopy jungle. His eves were set too far apart; they were a washedout gray that gave off a dull 1,000yard stare, unless he was alert with adrenaline flowing - then his eyes got darker and beady and they flitted around



Author with Montagnard companions, west of Duc Co, Vietnam, in January 1968. Photo: courtesy author

constantly, like a sparrow jerks its head around while feeding. Fish was notoriously nervous, but when at work behind his M60 machine gun he was a picture of serenity.

Our unit was never actually "at strength" in terms of personnel, but we resupplied, re-equipped and redeployed

time and again into the rugged netherlands around the juncture of Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam. It was there, in the highlands, that I got a close-up look at The Fish in all his unkempt grandeur.

As a result of being short on personnel, we traveled as a rifle company with three machine-gunheavy squads. Every man in a squad carried at least 100 rounds of M60 ammo for "The Gun" in addition to his own basic load. I had made it a point to

hump with the gun team, because in contact it made for better central control (Even with as small a unit as a rifle squad, control for fire-andmaneuver purposes is sometimes difficult - The Gun was always the edge.).

I soon came to realize that the M60 was sort of an extension of The Fish's soul, or maybe The Fish

was an extension of The Gun's soul, I don't know. At any rate, The Fish could do wondrous things with the M60. He could, firing bursts of six, chop down a young sapling. He could, with The Gun jumping around on its bipod, concentrate extremely tight shot groups. One day as I lay a few feet from him I watched him reach over, grope for a 100-round belt that had been tossed over to him, free it from the box and canvas-strap bag, then link it with three fingers to his starter belt, all without looking — while he was firing!

I learned that The Fish had owned a monkey that was killed in the battle at Hill 875. In stressful moments just prior to contact when we could smell NVA or when we knew contact was imminent just by intuition, The Fish would start muttering "they killed my monkey, they killed my monkey ... those motherfuckers killed my monkey!" After this The Fish was all business.

When we remained in the same AO for any length of time we would resupply every fourth day. After an extended period we would either extract or pull into a fire support base in the area for a breather and the inevitable resupply. At the point of going back into the bush we would have full basic loads and four days of rations; three days of Cs and a day of LRRPs.

Not The Fish. After a rather special treat in which we were extracted all the way to Camp Enari at Pleiku (home of our mortal enemies, the 4th Division), we became heavily engaged in drinking and rioting. Unfortunately we had a helicopter assault the following morning at 0645, so it was a somewhat hung over, or still drunk, airborne rifle company that made the insertion. The Fish, with no steel pot, was so bad-off that as the ship flared for landing we rolled him over the side and he crashed like a sack of potatoes.

We un-assed the slick and grabbed The Fish by his TA-50 and dragged him off the LZ laughing. We took cover in a stand of bamboo and The Fish raised up, took off his ruck and opened it to display his four days' rations — 24 cans of Falstaff beer — amazing man.

Most airborne rifle companies working in the highlands followed similar operating procedures, beating bush all day and going to high ground in the late afternoon, digging in on a perimeter and then sending out listening posts and ambushes.

On nights we weren't designated these duties, we manned foxholes on the company perimeter with one man awake and in the hole monitoring the "great, black, amazingly noisy and

Continued on page 78

 THE MASTER HUNTER

 Specifications:

 Blade Length
 4½" (9½" Overall)

 Blade (Thick)
 34"

 Steel
 Cardon V

 Steel
 6.40z

 Sheath
 Black Conduce

 Sheath
 Black Conduce

 Handle
 Kraton

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BATTLE BLADES

The Incredible Kabar

Text & Photo by Steven Dick

As a rule, the replacement for most 20th century American infantry weapons is on the drawing board by the time any particular model reaches general issue. Occasionally, though, a system seems to defy improvement for far longer than its allotted time. The M1911A1 .45 Auto and the Browning M2 .50-caliber machine gun are classic examples of weaponry holding the high ground against all comers for most of this century. I can think of only one other weapon that comes close to matching these two firearms' legendary performances - the United States Marine Corps 1219C2 "Knife, Fighting/ Utility," better known as the "kabar."

The USMC 1219C2 was first produced by Camillus Cutlery and issued to troops in the Pacific by late 1942. Because huge quantities of the knife were required to meet the demands of global war, contracts were also made with Ka-Bar (the trademark of Union Cutlery), Pal Cutlery and Robeson companies.

The U.S. Navy adopted the knife with a gray plastic scabbard and a natural leather handle as the "MK-2." Under this designation the knife served as the standard UDT/SEAL diving blade up until the mid-1980s. Blades stamped "USMC" demand a premium from collectors, but users should remember that the MK-2 and the USMC Fighting/ Utility are the same basic knife. If anything, the Navy scabbard is more durable than its Marine counterpart.

"Ka-Bar"-stamped knives apparently reached combat troops before the Camillus models, as the Marines quickly nicknamed all blades of this pattern as kabars. To this day, all branches of the military continue to refer to the knife as a kabar, no matter who actually made the weapon.

By the time the Vietnam War rolled around, the kabar was being issued to the Marines, the Navy and to many Army special ops troops. The kabar was also widely available in base PXs, off-base military stores and from a number of mail-order sources.

From my own experience in Vietnam, the kabar was the handsdown favorite issue combat knife and the most common private-purchase blade. For every exotic custom fighting knife carried into the field, there were several hundred kabars. Although a company called Conetta made a small quantity of these, the vast majority of



From left: Ka-Bar Navy MK-2 from World War II, USMC Ka-Bar, and Camillus Cutlery model author purchased at Fort Bragg in 1969 and carried through tour in Vietnam.

Vietnam-period kabars were produced by Camillus Cutlery.

During the post-Vietnam years, Ontario Cutlery became the dominant maker of official-issue USMC knives. The kabar saw constant action in all of the Central American conflicts and in Grenada, Beirut, Panama and Operation Desert Storm. Though the Navy has gone through a series of less-than-successful dive knives in recent years, the kabar continues to be the issue combat blade of the Marines.

So, what does the kabar have going for it, to have stood the test of 50 years' hard use? The basic specs run as follows: "bowie point" 7-inch x $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch x 0.17-inch blade of "parkerized" high-carbon steel, with a short, fully sharpened false edge and a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch fuller on both sides.

The handle consists of a 2 3/8-inch steel cross guard, a grip of stacked leather washers treated to prevent decay, and a heavy, flat steel pommel suitable for light pounding. The scabbard is either black or dark brown leather. Total weight of the knife and sheath is 15 ounces.

Kabar critics will quickly point out that the relatively thin blade lacks the strength of heavier custom models. The plain carbon steel rusts and doesn't hold an edge forever. The fuller serves no useful purpose other than to lighten the blade. The handle soaks up water and may loosen if used for an extended period of time in the jungle. The scabbard also softens when wet, making it easier for the blade's point to poke through; like the leather handle, it doesn't hold up under jungle conditions.

All of this is true, but just doesn't matter that much. I have seen several kabars break when used as pry bars, or in base camp knife-throwing contests, but I have never heard of one failing in close combat. And, unlike some of the sharpened pry bars on the market, the thin-edge profile of the kabar blade is both easy to resharpen and an efficient cutter for most materials.

While the handle won't last forever under jungle conditions, I don't recall any that fell apart in a one-year tour of Vietnam. How long does a \$33 (average civilian retail cost) weapon have to last to be cost-effective? While the sheath could stand to be a little heavier for safety's sake, it can quickly be replaced with improved versions available from several civilian sources.

The bottom line is that a combat knife remains an expendable item. It may be lost, broken, stolen or bartered away for a hundred different reasons. The kabar provides an adequate level of performance in a knife that can easily be replaced for a nominal sum.

Currently, the kabar is commercially available in several different variations. Ontario Cutlery offers the standard

Continued on page 77

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WORLD SITREP

Burma

Force of some 600 government troops occupies a village 3km inside Thailand afterclashing with Karen rebels during dry season offensive. Thai government warns Burmese forces to withdraw while moving reinforcements to area of incursion ...

Iran

U.N. agrees to help Iran repatriate approximately 520,000 Afghan refugees by year's end. Each will be given \$25 and 100 pounds of food. Number still represents only small fraction of 2 to 3 million Afghan refugees who fled to Iran duriting war, only 300,000 of whom have returned home so far ...

Afghanistan

More than 750 die in heavy fighting between troops of Uzbek militia under command of General Abdul Rashid Dustam and provisional government forces of President Burhanuddin Rabbani in and around Kabul. Dustam's forces appear to have had the better of it, overrunning a large apartment complex built by Soviets. Clashes appear to have resulted from hints by Rabbani that he might not step down in favor of a grand council as required under an earlier accord Russia cancels \$2 billion arms sale when Syrian government reveals it is not dble to pay in full. Deal had included advanced fighters, tanks and antimissile systems. Country currently owes Russian government \$15 billion from previous arms deliveries...

Svria

Japan

3

In apparent concession to antinuclear activists, government announces it will "stockpile" first 1,7 metric tons of reprocessed plutonium slated for use in power reactors at least until October 1995. Decision to stockpile fuel rather than use It gives Japan an inherent capability to produce at least two- to three-dozen nuclear weapons on relatively short notice ...

Singapore

Malaysia will end its 40-year use of Woodlands Naval Base in Singapore by the end of 1997, following government decision to raise annual rent on 175-acre facility to \$3.7 million, up from \$1.2 million. Malaysian government rejected offer of an alternative site ...

12

20

Talks with North Korea over mutual inspection of both countries' nuclear facilities collapse over North Korean objections to government's decision to resume annual Team Spirit war

South Korea

games with U.S. forces. Exercises were suspended last year in an effort to encourage North to negoti-

ate. Pyongyang now says it will boycott talks until all exercises

are permanently canceled ...

Peru

Arrest of eight Shining Path guerrillas in capital in late November may have averted a bloodbath during country's election. Suspects are believed to have been plotting a bombing campaign ...

15

19

Greece

20

14

Palestinian who directed 1985 hijacking of cruise ship Achille Lauro and two others accused in bombing incidents are caught in escape attempt from prison on island of Corfu ...

Cambodia

Aerial photography of country shows Khmer Rouge-controlled areas are being deforested by Thal loggers as Khmer Rouge forces seek hard currency to finance their military operations. U.N. descriptions of photos range from "dramatic" to destruction that is "almost indescribable"

Libya

Muammar Khadaffi announces his intention to distribute half his country's \$10 billion yearly oil revenues directly to country's 600.000 families --- and at same time calls on Libyans to emigrate to Egypt, Sudan and Chad because of bad economic prospects in-country. Plan is widely seen as an attempt to deflect growing wave of anti-regime sentiment in wake of yearlong U.N. ban on international flights and other sanctions that are hammering economy ...

El Salvador

Members of rebel FMLN reportedly begin destroying their weapons as called for under peace accord signed with government. For its part, government begins process of purging country's officer corps of human-rights abusers, as provided by same agreement ...



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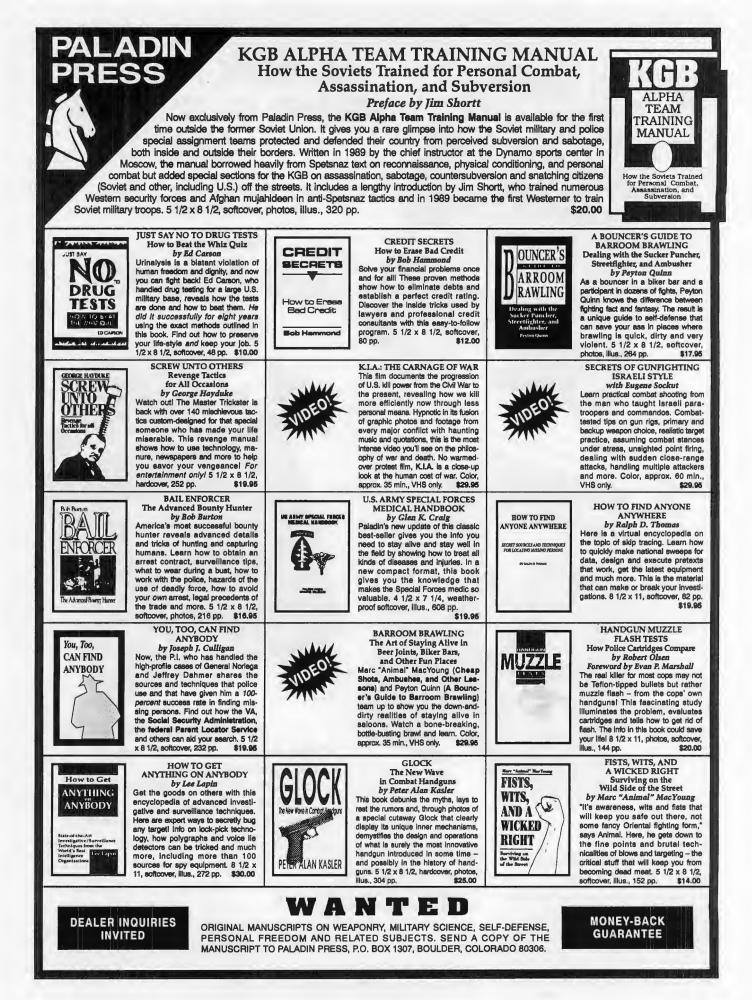
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COMBAT WEAPONCRAFT

9mm vs. 5.56mm For Tactical Applications

by Gary K. Roberts & Michael E. Bullian

For many years the 12-gauge shotgun has been the universally accepted shoulder-fired weapon for law enforcement use in the United States. And while it still has a valid law enforcement role, the shotgun's limitations have prompted some law enforcement agencies to adopt the more versatile semiautomatic carbine for general-purpose use. Law enforcement tactical units have also supplemented the shotgun with both the assault rifle and submachine gun (SMG). These weapons offer more accuracy, less recoil, greater effective range, faster reloading and greater ammunition capacity than traditional shotguns.

Law enforcement tactical units requiring shoulder-fired weapons for entry situations generally use pistolcaliber SMGs such as the 9mm Heckler & Koch MP5 and the Colt SMG, due to their compact sizes and ability to be effectively sound-suppressed. Effective sound suppressors can be an important



Besides penetrating soft body armor, are caliber 5.56mm (.223) weapons like the M16A2 M4 carbine (bottom) superior to 9mm submachine guns like the H&K MP5 (top) in incapacitation potential? Photo: Peter G. Kokalis

adjunct for entry weapons, as the reduced muzzle flash and blast causes less degradation of auditory and visual acuity.

Law enforcement tactical units also

use assault rifles. The advantages of the 5.56x45mm cartridge for military combat have been well-documented; numerous nations have adopted it as their standard military-rifle ammunition.

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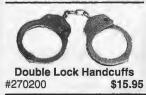
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The 5.56mm (.223) cartridge is also ideally suited for law enforcement use in assault rifles such as the Colt M16, the H&K 33 and the Steyr AUG, as it has superb accuracy coupled with low recoil, a longer effective range than pistol cartridges, and the potential to be far more effective at incapacitating violent aggressors than the pistol bullets used in submachine guns.

As law enforcement tactical units increasingly confront criminals who are protected by soft body armor designed to defeat pistol bullets and shotgun pellets, the ability of the 5.56mm cartridge to defeat soft body armor becomes a significant factor. As a result, some law enforcement agencies have suggested adopting compact, short-barreled 5.56mm assault rifles such as the H&K 53 for use as entry weapons to replace or to supplement pistol-caliber SMGs.

An extensive amount of accurate information is available regarding the wound ballistic characteristics of 9mm Parabellum pistol bullets. This information generally supports the 147 grain (gr) JHP bullet as having the greatest potential of any 9mm bullet for physiologically incapacitating an aggressor.

While not a "wonder bullet," the subsonic 9mm 147gr JHP does offer measurably more effective terminal

performance over a wider range of conditions than lightweight, highvelocity 9mm JHP bullets and nonexpanding 9mm FMJ bullets.

Several 9mm 147gr JHP loads offer acceptable performance for law enforcement use, including the Federal 9MS, Federal P9HS2 "Hydra-Shok," Fiocchi, Winchester RA9147HP (previously labeled Q4217) and Winchester SXT S9MM "Black Talon."

Unlike rifle bullets, the temporary cavitation from handgun bullets does not reliably damage tissue and is not usually a significant mechanism of wounding. In addition, handgun bullets do not generally exhibit the violent fragmentation effects produced by rifle bullets. If handgun bullets fragment, wound severity is generally not increased since the bullet fragments are usually found within 1cm of the main permanent cavity formed by the bullet's path.

Handgun bullets generally only disrupt tissue by directly contacting and crushing it. Obviously, those bullets with a larger diameter crush more tissue and have the potential to create more severe wounds. In addition, expanded bullets which have sharp edges are more likely to cut and incise tissue along the wound track, creating a more severe wound compared with deformed bullets with blunt edges, which tend to merely stretch tissue aside during their passage.

The U.S. M193 55gr FMJ boattail bullet has a copper jacket around a lead core and typically exits the muzzle of a 20-inch M16 barrel at 3.094 feet per second (fps). When fired from the 14.5-inch-barrel M4 carbine, it has a muzzle velocity of approximately 2,800 to 2,900 fps; when exiting the muzzle of the 10-inch-barrel XM-177 or the 8.3-inch-barrel H&K 53, velocity is generally reduced to below 2,500 fps. Wound severity of bullet fragmentation with this cartridge varies depending on bullet fragmentation. Degree of bullet fragmentation is related to impact velocity. At lower muzzle velocities and as the range to the target increases, bullet-striking velocity is reduced, limiting bullet fragmentation and decreasing wound severity.

Down to a velocity of approximately 2,700 fps, generally around 150 meters from a 20-inch barrel and 75 to 100 meters from a 14.5-inch barrel, the bullet enters the tissue leaving a small punctate entrance wound, then travels point-forward approximately 4.7 inches. If the bullet leaves tissue at this point, it will leave a small punctate exit wound and will have caused minimal tissue disruption along the wound tract. If it continues to travel in tissue, it will yaw to 90 degrees at this point, flatten, and



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of age.

fracture at the cannelure (the knurled circumferential groove around the middle of the bullet into which the cartridge neck is crimped).

The flattened bullet nose remains in one piece and retains 60% of the original bullet weight. The 40% of the bullet behind the cannelure shatters into many fragments — each one can spread up to 2.75 inches radially away from the wound track. These fragments each cut their own path through the surrounding tissue, multiply perforating it. Temporary cavitation then exerts its stretch effects on this weakened tissue, synergistically increasing the permanent cavity by detaching tissue pieces.

At a velocity below 2,700 fps down to 2,500 fps, generally around 150 to 200 meters from a 20-inch barrel and 100 to 150 meters from a 14.5- or 16inch barrel, the bullet yaws, breaks at the cannelure into two large pieces but does not fragment, thus reducing the wound severity.

Below 2,500 fps, generally beyond 200 meters from a 20-inch barrel, or 150 meters from a 14.5- or 16-inch barrel, and at the muzzle of shorter barrels, the bullet remains generally intact and does not fracture or fragment, but does yaw and may exhibit some flattening of the base. This lack of fragmentation significantly decreases wound severity. If the bullet passes through tissue before yawing, small punctate entrance-and-exit wounds with little intervening tissue disruption will result. If the bullet yaws while traveling through tissue, the permanent cavity will be enlarged and disruption of those inelastic tissues susceptible to the stretch of temporary cavitation will be greatly enhanced.

The U.S. M855/Belgian SS109 62gr FMJ boattail has a partial steel core, surrounded by a copper jacket, with a muzzle velocity from a 20-inch barrel of 3,034 fps. The behavior of this bullet is similar to that of the 5.56x45mm M193 bullet, except that it exhibits 10% greater fragmentation than the M193 bullet and retains its ability to reliably fragment at slightly longer ranges. In addition, the M855/SS109 provides improved penetration through intermediate obstacles. The wounds created by the M193 and the M855/ SS109 are nearly identical.

One might surmise that 5.56mm JHP and JSP bullets would be expected to give good performances, but most of these bullets have exhibited insufficient penetration due to excessive early fragmentation. This early upset is probably due to their intended use on small varmints rather than on larger, tougher animals which require bullets with deeper penetration. In most situations, law enforcement agencies and military special-operations units should avoid lightweight, frangible 5.56mm varmint bullets, as they have insufficient penetration to ensure incapacitation with a torso shot.

Typical 5.56mm JHP and JSP bullets are of 40gr to 70gr with a muzzle velocity of approximately 2,850 to 3,500 fps. They deform rapidly outward on impact, flattening, expanding and then fragmenting. The multiple fragments spread radially outward away from the main wound track. The temporary cavity then exerts its stretch on this fragment-damaged tissue, resulting in gross tissue disruption. Penetration can range from as little as 5.9 inches with the lighter bullets, up to 13.4 inches with heavier bullets.

The lower velocity of 5.56mm JHP and JSP bullets fired from shortbarreled weapons such as the H&K 53 reduce the excessive early fragmentation seen when these bullets are fired at higher velocity. The bullets generally exhibit marked deformation, occasional fragmentation and minimal yaw. The decreased fragmentation, coupled with a smaller-diameter temporary cavity, reduces wound severity. Penetration of the bullet is approximately 12 inches, with an

Continued on page 87



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THE GOLDEN EAGLE RING

FN's Amazing P90 Bullpup

our years ago, Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre of Herstal, Belgium, celebrated its centennial. During that time frame, FN Herstal (as the company is now called) has produced a series of classics unparalleled in the history of modern military small arms. Since its inception in 1935, more than 1.5 million of the caliber 9mm Parabellum *Grande Puissance* (High Power) pistols have been produced. It remains the finest

single-action, 9mm semiauto the world has ever seen. During the 1950s and 1960s, the caliber 7.62x51mm NATO FN FAL rifle was the most ubiquitous infantry battle tool in the free world. It is still produced and encountered on every continent of the planet. The magnificent caliber 7.62x51mm NATO FN MAG 58 General Purpose Machine Gun (GPMG) remains in service with the armed forces of more than 80 countries. The FN Minimi (known in the United States as the M249) has become the world's most dominant caliber 5.56x45mm NATO Squad Automatic Weapon (SAW).

That's a tough act to follow. Any encore to that roll call of great guns would have to be almost revolutionary to grab our attention — an entirely new small arms concept chambered for a completely new cartridge. And, that's just what FN did with their introduction of the incredible P90 (Project 1990) and its 5.7x28mm cartridge.

To say it is a bullpup — which it is — and that its means of operation is unlocked, pure blowback, firing from the closed-bolt position — which it is — is simply far too mundane to describe the P90, which is nothing if not completely startling in appearance. Here is a firearm that anticipates the next millennium.

FN's P90 is a response to both the U.S. Army's Small Arms Master Plan and the subsequent NATO Document AC225 of 16 April 1989, as well as FN's own vision of future military smallarms trends. Both documents call for a new class of weaponry (the so-called Personal Defense Weapon or PDW), which will eventually replace handguns, pistol-caliber submachine guns and short-barrel assault rifles. These weapons are used, principally for self-defense, by the more than 60% of military personnel not involved directly in infantry combat roles.

Except when placed in the hands of experienced operators, which is rarely the case, handguns and submachine guns generally provide low hit probability and dubious lethality. Short-

FN's P90 Personal Defense Weapon (PDW) is an imaginative and bold combination of proven elements and radical innovations. Photo: Peter G. Kokalis



2Ist GENTURY PERSONAL DEFENSE WEAPON

There are a total of 69 components: This simplicity enhances cost-effective series production and permits the P90 to be marketed at a price well below that of most modern infantry rifles.

barrel assault rifles, while packaged in appealing envelopes, usually generate undesirable flash signatures with considerable muzzle blast and, when chambered for the 5.56x45mm NATO cartridge, have seriously reduced wound-ballistics potential because of their significantly lower muzzle velocities. Furthermore, they are no more cost-effective than standard-issue infantry rifles.

Heckler & Koch (now owned by British Aerospace), Steyr-Mannlicher of Austria and GIAT Industries of France (which took over the industrial and business activities of FN – subsequently called Fabrique National Nouvelle Herstal – on 1 January 1991) are also developing Personal Defense Weapons. Both the Steyr and H&K PDWs are chambered for the 9x19mm pistol cartridge. The French GIAT entry is chambered for the proprietary 5.7x22mm cartridge.

Development of the P90 commenced in August 1986. The MENS (Mission Essential Need Statement) as defined by the FN project team specified a lightweight weapon and ammunition system with an essentially flat trajectory out to 150 meters and the ability to penetrate both body armor and helmets at that distance. Additional design parameters included low perceived-recoil impulse combined with rapid target acquisition and high hit probability. Ammunition permitting unlockedblowback operation and totally ambidextrous operations exhibiting advanced human-engineering concepts were further project requirements.

Compact & Lethal

The result was a bullpup weapon with a highly unorthodox configuration and an exceptionally compact overall length of only 20 inches. The height is 8.4 inches, including the optical sight. At its widest point the P90 is 2.2 inches. Unless it was a handgun, the envelope could not reach more compact proportions. The weight, empty, is 6.2 pounds. The P90 was designed to be flat-sided with no prominent projections. Its length was determined by the average width of the human torso to ease entrance and exit from armored fighting vehicles. As it was designed to be fired from a strong shoulder mount, this limited its minimum design length.

Polymer construction dominates the P90 design. There are a total of 69 components: 27 synthetic, 14 machined steel and aluminum alloy and 28 springs, pins, screws and nuts. Many pistol-caliber submachine guns and most modern aesault rifles have considerably more components than this. This simplicity enhances cost-effective series production and permits the P90 to be marketed at a price well below that of most modern infantry rifles.

Exclusive of the magazine, the P90 consists of three major groups: the receiver assembly, the bolt group and the barrel support assembly.

The receiver body contains the trigger mechanism, hammer group and buttplate. The receiver body is a two-piece injection molding (only available in spares as a complete shell) held together by plastic rivets. The grip portion has been molded into the configuration of an abbreviated thumbhole stock.

To minimize position disclosure and assure ambidextrous operation, empty case ejection is to the bottom by means of a port in the receiver body directly in front of the hammer group. The ejection port has a spring-loaded dust cover which must be closed by hand.

There is a vertical safety projection molded into the front of the receiver body - reminiscent of that found on the H&K MP5K's vertical forearm assembly - to prevent the support hand from sliding forward onto the muzzle.

Both the trigger mechanism and hammer group were heavily inspired by the Steyr AUG. The hammer group's pins and springs are made from stainless steel. All the other components are nylon injection moldings.

Like that of the Steyr AUG, there is a U-shaped steel rod just above and connected to the nylon trigger. The two ends of the steel rod push against each side of the sear (located in the hammer module at the butt end of the weapon). Unlike the Steyr AUG, the P90's interface between the trigger and rod is not adjustable as the nylon is molded to tighter tolerance than that of the AUG and the material used is less sensitive to dilation.

Without exception, every control on the P90 is ambidextrous. The selector dial is directly under the trigger and therefore instantly available to either left- or righthanded operators. The dial determines how far to the rear the U-shaped steel trigger rod can be pushed. The "S" or safe position prevents any trigger movement. "1" permits the trigger rod to move rearward only enough to produce semiautomatic fire. When the dial is rotated to the "A" position, in a manner similar to the AUG, either single shots or full-auto bursts will result depending on how far back the operator pulls the trigger.

The "Elastomer" (a neoprene-like synthetic) buttplate must be removed to gain access to the modular hammer package. Also at the rear of the receiver body is a sling slot at the bottom. The nylon web sling passes through this slot and wraps around the buttstock to end up on top exactly where it belongs. The black plastic front sling clip is housed in a slot under the sight at the rear and is also used to remove the hammer mechanism during disassembly of the weapon.

Within the receiver assembly is the bolt group. The bolt body rides on twin

Cartridges rest sideways (perpendicular to the bore's axis) in the translucent, staggered double-column, 50-round P90 magazine. They are reduced to a single row as they reach the front of the magazine and then rotated into alignment with the chamber. Photo: courtesy FN Herstal





FN has subjected the P90 to the usual dynamic environmental tests with great success. More than 250,000 rounds were fired during its development. Photo: courtesy FN Herstal

recoil-spring guide rods, each with its own single-coil recoil spring. The bolt reciprocates on these guide rods with a very low coefficient of friction and with very little friction against the receiver walls. The firing pin is spring-retracted. The "bump"type ejector, protruding through the breech face, is also spring-loaded. The claw extractor has an exterior spring which pivots on a roll pin.

Serious Stability

A tungsten weight, riding on the left recoil-spring guide rod in front of the recoil spring, is used to stabilize the cyclic rate (850-900 rpm). Without this counterweight, during long bursts (which in any event should not be fired) the rate of fire would increase as a consequence of the bolt body bouncing off the receiver's back plate. It also serves as an anti-bounce device to inhibit ignition out of battery. It should also be noted that the bolt slightly crushes the 5.7x28mm cartridge case during the chambering sequence providing an additional anti-bounce mechanism.

An injection-molded, synthetic back plate at the end of the guide rods has a pronounced rear projection that locks the back plate in place within the receiver assembly.

The barrel support assembly — a blackanodized and painted aluminum-alloy casting — rests on top of the receiver assembly and bolt group. It contains the barrel, flash suppressor, cocking assembly and the sights. A round spring-loaded catch locks the barrel support assembly to the receiver assembly. The left side of the barrel support unit is marked "P90 cal 5.7x28" with the serial number. The left side of the receiver assembly is marked "Fabrique Nationale Herstal BELGIUM."

Including bore and chamber, the barrel length is 10.52 inches (263mm). The rifled length is 9.2 inches (230mm). The sixgroove bore has a right-hand twist of one turn in 7 inches. The barrel is removed from the support assembly only at the armorer's level.

Although it is not intended that the P90 will be employed to launch rifle grenades, the steel flash suppressor is similar to that of both the FN FAL and the FNC (with a 22mm outside diameter). To avoid kicking up dust when firing from the prone position, there are no bottom ports on the flash suppressor. The two rows of three holes each on top of the flash hider are angled 45 degrees forward. This keeps gas and unburnt propellant granules out of the operator's face, but precludes functioning as a muzzle brake.

As with all of the P90's controls, the spring-loaded retracting assembly — a phosphated sheet-metal stamping — is ambidextrous. Its spring rides on the barrel.

One of the more unique aspects of the P90 is its sighting system, which was developed by Ring Sights (Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 22, Bordon, Hants, GU35 9PD, England.) Ring Sights designed the world's first solid glass reflex-collimator sight, of which the P90's sight is a derivative. Simply put, reflex collimator sights superimpose an aiming mark on the target. Be-



The grip portion of the P90's receiver body has been molded into the configuration of an abbreviated thumbhole stock. The selective-fire dial is directly under the trigger and thus is completely ambidextrous, as are all of the P90's controls. Photo: courtesy FN Herstal

cause of the P90's potentially short sight radius due to its bullpup configuration, conventional iron sights were ruled out. An optical sight that was simple, rugged and cost-effective was desired, and the reflex collimator sight selected fits that description.

This sight has no magnification, so the target as seen through the sight is not altered from the target area surrounding the sight. Thus, one or both eyes can be used by the operator. If possible, binocular vision should be employed. Eye relief is approximately 4 inches and quite forgiving. The sight system is integral with the barrel support assembly and can be removed only at the armorer's level.

The diameter of the glass area through which the operator aims is 14mm and this provides for rapid target acquisition. The sight consists of a solid glass prism (the front and rear surfaces of which are parallel), to which is cemented a planar doublet reflector (PDR) which has a beam-splitter surface that focuses the graticule to infinity — its front and rear surfaces are also parallel.

Under the PDR is a light wedge that collects light from the target area. This light falls on the graticule sandwich and is reflected to the PDR. The graticule sandwich has the self-luminous night sight prism and tritium capsule cemented to it. All of this is set into a high-impact synthetic mount with Dow Corning silicone rubber to absorb mechanical shocks and differential thermal expansion and contraction.

The PDR beam splitter provides 70% reflection of the aiming mark while transmitting 20% of the light from the target. As a consequence, the aiming mark is brighter than the target so that it can be seen clearly superimposed against the target. There are two aiming marks — two concentric rings with a dot in the center illuminated by ambient light from the target area for daylight employment, and two horizontal crossbars and one vertical bar (at the bottom of the sight picture) that are illuminated by a tritium capsule.

Although the sight is pre-zeroed at the factory, the entire sight unit can be adjusted for elevation or windage zero by an armorer or instructor. Two special tools are required for sight adjustments. Elevation zero is adjusted at the rear of the sight unit by moving it up or down in relation to the barrel support assembly. Loosening a screw permits the sight to be raised or lowered. Windage zero is adjusted by loosening a screw on the left side of the sight at the front and moving the unit to the right or left.

The 50-round, staggered double-column magazine, with a translucent plastic body, inserts into the barrel-support assembly under the sight unit and extends rearward over the front top of the receiver assembly.

The cartridges rest sideways, i.e., per-

pendicular to the barrel's axis. They are reduced to a single row as they reach the front of the magazine. They are then rotated into alignment with the chamber. After 90-degree rotation on a ramp, the top round in the magazine is always in line with the bore's axis. This unconventional location permits large capacity and inhibits damage to the magazine. Feeding from the top and ejecting straight downward permits ambidextrous operation without modification of the weapon. In addition to its translucent body, the magazine assembly consists of a more-or-less standard floorplate, follower spring and follower with the addition of two nylon rollers that follow the cartridge through about 45 degrees of its pivot path up the ramp. This magazine concept existed at FN prior to the P90's development.

Due to the magazine's location on top of the weapon, it could not be curved and thus the cartridge case could not exhibit much taper. Furthermore, a long, thin, lightweight cartridge would be ideally suited to this magazine envelope. This resulted in the development of what is without doubt the most radical aspect of the P90 system — its revolutionary and controversial 5.7x28mm cartridge.

Cutting-Edge Cartridge

With the length of only 28.75mm, the brass cartridge case is Boxer-primed. Most unusual is the cartridge case's shoulder, which is quite abrupt. This type of case shape permits the gas pressure within the case that is pushing back on the base of the case to be counteracted by gas pressure pushing forward on the sharp face of the shoulder, and thus slightly delay the bolt group's recoil stroke until gas pressures have dropped to a safe level. This is an important consideration, since the P90, as previously stated, operates by means of unlocked, pure blowback and fires from the closed-bolt position. To ease extraction, the case has been coated with a waxlike substance. (Lubricating cartridge cases by coating them with wax to inhibit case ruptures dates back to World War I, when this technique was employed by machine gunners of the British army.)

Early specimens featured staked primers and carried no headstamps. Subsequently, cases were headstamped "5.7x28 FNB" followed by the date code ("88," "89" and "90" have been observed). Primer staking was apparently deleted by 1989 and 5.7x28mm ammunition manufactured in 1990 features a purple annulus and case mouth sealant. Primers are nickel-coated, except for ammunition produced in 1989 which had brass-plated primers.

The 5.7x28mm ball projectile (SS90) weighs only 22 grains and has a diameter of 5.7mm at its maximum circumference. Bullet length is 0.958 inches (23.95mm) and overall length of the loaded ball round is 1.728 inches (43.2mm). It has a copper-clad-steel Full Metal Jacket (FMJ) with a

plastic core. The sharply pointed, boattailshaped bullet has a 10 caliber ogive, and this unorthodox shape was selected primarily to reduce the drag coefficient, as lightweight bullets generally lose velocity rapidly. Muzzle velocity of this bullet driven by spherical ball propellant with a nominal charge weight of 6.9 grains — is about 2,790 fps (850m/s). SS90 ball ammunition costs about the same as 9mm Parabellum NATO standard ball.

Ballistic helmets and soft body armor

The P90 was developed principally for self-defense of the more than 60% of military personnel not involved directly in infantry combat roles. Photo: courtesy FN Herstal

are now de rigueur in the armed forces of the world's major powers. The SS90 ball projectile will penetrate a minimum of 48 layers of Kevlar at 150 meters with very little loss of velocity, as its sharp point literally pokes its way through the woven material. This bullet will also penetrate the U.S. PASGT composite helmet at ranges up to 150 meters. Out to several hundred meters, wind and vegetation deflection characteristics are excellent and approximate those of M855 (SS109) 5.56x45mm NATO ball ammunition.

As presently configured, the SS90 bul-

let will penetrate only about 10 inches of soft tissue before ending its travel base forward. Yaw in soft tissue commences after about 2 inches of penetration and usually continues through a single 180degree rotation. Where the bullet yaw is at its maximum, between 60 to 120 degrees, a large temporary cavity is produced and the height of the permanent cavity (wound track) will increase to almost 1-inch (the length of the projectile).

SS90 ball does not fragment. However, it does exhibit an unusual curved course in tissue concomitant with its yaw. Its travel through the thorax area, for example, is highly irregular. This phenomenon has been criticized by those who have stated that it eliminates the possibility of a precise shot aimed at a specific vital structure of the human body. In my opinion, this is a rather silly academic argument. It has never been my observation that there is time in actual combat to aim for anything other than the general torso area of enemy troops who are most often bobbing and weaving about in the confused environment associated with armed conflicts.

Furthermore, the Russian 5.45x39mm cartridge for the AK-74 rifle also features a ball projectile with a long, tapered point that is almost twice the length of the bearing surface. Its 5.45mm boattail bullet makes a similar turn in soft tissue with an erratic path of travel. It hardly needs to be emphasized that this cartridge did great execution on both sides of the line during the war in Afghanistan.

Three other 5.7x28mm cartridges have been fielded in limited quantities. Tracer ammunition has been so far manufactured for demonstration purposes only. As a consequence, the trace element was designed to ignite at the muzzle. When fielded, 5.7x28mm tracer ammunition will be produced so that trace commences at 25 meters beyond the muzzle. Even though the projectile is small, this ammunition will trace for 200 meters before burnout.

A high-velocity, saboted round with a sharp-pointed, hardened steel penetrator and four-section, injection-molded plastic sabot has also reached limited production series. In appearance, it looks very much like a scaled-down version of the U.S. 7.62x51mm NATO and .50 cal. BMG "SLAP" rounds. Muzzle velocity of this round is 3,117 fps (950m/s). It was designed to penetrate NATO steel plate (3.5mm) at 100 meters. During its preliminary test phase it was found to penetrate the NATO plate at a range of 200 meters.

Finally, I have examined a crimped blank round in this caliber, designed for either training purposes or for launching grenades. A short-range "gallery" round has been designed but not yet produced.

Fieldstripping the P90 is incredibly simple. First, remove the magazine by depressing the ambidextrous magazine



P90 SPECIFICATIONS

Caliber:	5.7x28mm
	Unlocked, pure blowback; fires from the closed-bolt position; selective-fire capability
Cyclic rate:	
Feed:	50-round, staggered-column, detachable, synthetic box-type magazine. Cartridges rest perpendicular to the bore's axis and are reduced to a single row as they reach the front of the magazine, at which time they are rotated 90 degrees into alignment with the chamber.
Weight, empty:	
Length:	20 inches
	Six-groove with a right-hand twist of one turn in 7 inches. 10.52 inches (263mm) including bore and chamber; rifled length 9.2 inches (230mm).
Sights:	Unmagnified reflex-collimator prism sight with two aiming marks; two concentric rings with a dot in the center for day- light employment and two horizontal crossbars and one verti- cal bar that are illuminated by a tritium capsule.
Finish:	Black polymer surfaces; black-anodized, aluminum-alloy and
Manufacturer:	phosphated steel. FN Nouvelle Herstal SA, Dept. SOF, rue Voie de Liege, 33-B 4040 Herstal, Belgium; phone: 32-41-40-81-11; fax: 32-41-40-
	86-79. or contact FN Sales North America, Dept SOF, P.O. Box 24257, Columbia, SC 29224; phone: 803-736-0522; fax: 803-699-9373.
T&E Summary:	An imaginative and bold combination of proven elements and radical innovations. Heavy emphasis on cost-effective poly- mer construction. Compact bullpup envelope. Low recoil im- pulse. High hit probability. Rapid target acquisition. SS90 cartridge provides the potential to defeat modern battlefield body armor and helmets with reasonable lethality on soft targets.
Photo: courtesy	FN Herstal

catch/release. Pull the ambidextrous retracting handles to the rear to cock the hammer and clear the weapon. Withdraw the front sling buckle by depressing its locking latch. Depress the spring-loaded, barrel-support assembly catch and separate the barrel-support assembly from the receiver assembly.

Slide the bolt group forward and separate it from the receiver assembly. Pull upward on the buttplate and separate it from the receiver assembly. Using the tip of the front sling buckle, raise the hammer group's catch up and then forward while removing the hammer group from the receiver assembly. Cleaning tools are stowed inside the receiver assembly, directly under the hammer group. Disassembly of the magazine is conventional. No further dissassembly by the operator is recommended. After cleaning and required maintenance, reassemble in reverse order.

Soldier Of Fortune Magazine was recently presented with an opportunity to test-fire the P90 and several other FN weapons during a trip to their Herstal facility. During our extensive firing session with the P90 it became apparent that FN's P90 design goals have been met and in several areas well-exceeded.

Test-Firing Results

Burst fire sequences exhibited an inline recoil impulse that was straight back with no observable muzzle jump. This translates to very small group dispersion on the target when the operator limits burst groups to two or three shots. In semiautomatic fire, the P90 is capable of about 2-3 MOA at 100 meters with the sights provided. This will more than do for government work. There were no stoppages of any type during our range test and evaluation of the P90. It was not difficult to fire single shots or two- to three-shot bursts with the selector dial rotated to the full-auto position. When fired by experienced operators, all rounds fired single-shot will impact in a 12-inch square at 150 meters.

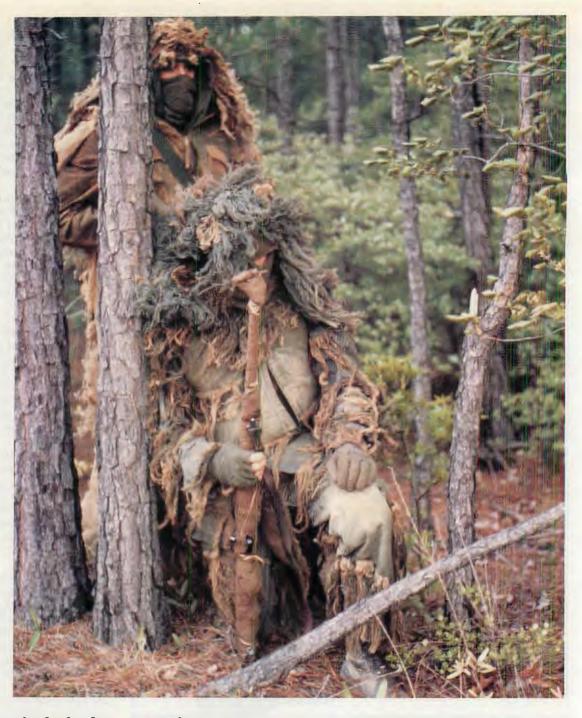
In measured tests it has been demonstrated that the SS90 round generates only one-third the recoil impulse of the 5.56x45mm NATO cartridge, and less than two-thirds that of the 9mm Parabellum round. As a consequence of this and of the reflex collimator sight, hit probability is quite high, and multiple target acquisition at ranges under 100 meters (where the vast majority of contacts with the enemy take place) is excellent.

FN has subjected the P90 to the usual dynamic environmental tests with great success. More than 250,000 rounds were fired during the development of the P90, and two prototype P90s have each had more than 20,000 rounds fired through them without a major component failure. The possibility of a "cook-off" (premature ignition of the ammunition which occurs when the propellant reaches its ignition temperature by absorbing heat from the chamber walls) is always a concern with selective-fire weapons firing from the closed-bolt position. However, FN project engineers have been unable to induce cook-offs in the P90 during extensive field trials.

Small arms projects have all too often been ignored in defense budgets. FN's independent development of the P90 must be applauded. While the SS90 cartridge is certainly no magic death ray, it provides the potential to defeat modern battlefield body armor and helmets with reasonable lethality on soft targets. Its launching pad the bullpup P90 - is an imaginative and bold combination of proven elements and radical innovations. The P90 system deserves close examination by all those responsible for arming the myriad of troops not manning the trenches. For further information, qualified end users should contact FN Nouvelle Herstal SA (Dept. SOF, rue Voie de Liege, 33-B 4040 Herstal, Belgium; phone: 32-41-40-81-11, fax: 32-41-40-86-79) or FN Sales North America (Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 24257, Columbia, SC 29224; phone: 803-736-0522; fax: 803-699-9373).

Saudi Arabia has adopted the P90 and placed several substantial orders. It is to be expected that others will follow in short order; FN's P90 represents a new generation of military small arms that will eventually see widespread acceptance. \Re

Yugo training in field craft and camouflage is crude, archaic. **Croatians must** improvise Ghillie suits, like these worn by U.S. troops, while various hunting arms are pressed into service as sniper rifles. Photo: Armed Forces Journal International



It was a particularly dangerous time to be in Croatia. *Chetnik* irregulars from Serbia, allied with local Serb militia, had been active in the preceding months. They launched a number of road ambushes throughout rural Croatia, mortared several police stations and captured a few small villages. But those actions were largely dismissed by the international community as independent guerrilla incidents initiated by Serb separatists disgruntled with the newly elected government.

But on Saturday, 24 August 1991, it became obvious that the Serbian-dominated Yugoslav communist government in Belgrade was behind the "guerrilla incidents" and had declared total war on Croatia. The new Croatian government in Zagreb was hopelessly disorganized and totally incapable of defense. Serbian irregulars and reservists backed by federal Yugoslav army tanks and MiGs launched a general offensive that day, which turned about onethird of the country into a combat zone.

The Zagreb government leadership was comprised mainly of ex-communist university professors led by a historian whose focus was on appeasing the Serbs, with the sincere hope that a reasonable confederation could be formed with the Belgrade government. As the general offensive was launched, the Croatian leadership was kept quiet by the presence of 2,000 Yugoslav army troops in the barracks around Zagreb and by the presence of 2,000 tanks within Croatian borders.

In view of Zagreb's inability to take action, towns and districts had to fend for themselves or risk their citizens being murdered. Croatian refugees from villages previously taken over by the Serbs brought with them the same accounts of atrocities — concentration camps, torture and mass murder of civilians without regard for age or gender — that surfaced nearly nine months later in Bosnia.

Turning Hunters Into Snipers

Having been in-country for several weeks prior to the general offensive, I found myself in the town of Vinkovci at the height of the attack. Vinkovci was the center of defense for an area that included the ancient cities of Osijek, Vukovar and a hundred or so other villages separated from Serbia by the Danube River.

As in most other towns, Vinkovci's citizens formed their own defense using mostly untrained local men as auxiliary police and arming them with anything they could buy or borrow that might be

SNIPERS of VINKEDVCI

used to inflict physical harm. I began my training of them by sending a local gunsmith and a fellow who had coached smallbore Olympic competition shooters out with a dual mandate: borrow the best rifles and best hunters (not necessarily together) they could find from the various local units in the region. They came back with an unusual assortment of about 30 rifles and human beings.

The rifles were mostly "sporterized" model 98 Mausers in a variety of popular European configurations and calibers, like 8x56mm Mannlicher-Schoenauer and 6.5x55mm Mauser. Fortunately, there were also a few Yugoslav-smithed sporters chambered in 7.92x57mm Mauser, .30-06 and 7mm RemMag, also .300 WinMag as well as a half-dozen Remington 700s and Winchester 70s chambered for .243, .30-06, .308 and .300 WinMag.

There was even one brand-new Yugoslav-made, currentissue SVD-type M76 sniper rifle in 7.92x57mm complete with a six-power, range-finding scope that had come in with an enthusiastic young Croatian who had recently deserted his sniper slot in the federal army. Unfortunately, he couldn't shoot worth a damn and neither could his rifle. But his observations on the training and deployment of Yugo army snipers later proved invaluable.

After shooting all of the rifles at 100 meters in a cornfield, we picked 12 of the best and set the gunsmith to work freefloating the barrels, matching up scrounged rings and bases, glass-bedding the actions and honing triggers. After laboriously arguing the Croatians out of the notion that scope power needed to be limited to 6X for offhand shots, funds were raised and men were sent to Austria and Germany to buy a dozen good scopes of 8X or better from sporting goods stores — along with as much commercial ammunition in varying calibers as they could smuggle past the Yugoslav customs inspectors still on the borders.

Suitcase Supply Corps

The smugglers not only managed to bring back an assortment of new and used higher-powered Kahles, Swarovski and Zeiss scopes, and most of the ammunition ordered including some match grade, they also got one brand-new synthetic-stocked .308 Steyr SSG sniper rifle, complete with rings and a doubleset trigger. It had cost the equivalent of \$1,800 over the counter in an Austrian sporting goods store — which classified it as a sporter because military arms and ammunition are not for sale.

A number of Croatian expatriates became expert at gun smuggling on direct Pan Am flights until the Zagreb airport closed in September. On one of those flights we received a couple of suitcases filled with two sets of Lyman reloading tools, RCBS dies, a pair of PACT chronographs and a 45X Bushnell spotting scope. Another package contained 20 boxes of .30 caliber Barnes X bullets and some 7mm and 8mm Noslers. Hunting Guns, Raw Nerve Check Serb Attacks

Text & Photos by John L. Hogan



Jure, a sniper who defected from Yugo army, with the Zastava-built 7.92x57mm M-76 (Soviet SVD knockoff) he brought with him. Man at left has Yugo M-56 7.62x25mm submachine gun - basically a simplified German MP-40 in the obsolete Soviet pistol/SMG caliber.

Since we had no primers or powder (rifle reloading components were generally not commercially available in Europe and were unsafe to smuggle on flights). I taught the Croats to rebuild instead of reload ammunition. Bullets were pulled and sorted for uniformity of weight; each powder charge was exactly weighed to conform with the others. Bullets were seated to just touch the rifling of the individual rifle barrels. We substituted the Nosler and Barnes X bullets for the factory bullets in the 7mm Remington Magnum, .300 WinMag. .30-06, 8mm Mauser and .308 cartridges.

After chronographing the actual muzzle velocity of the loads with each rifle, I plugged the data into a ballistics program on a personal computer and came up with

printed sets of trajectory charts for each individual pairing of rifle and respective ammunition. The charts used a 500meter zero for the 8mm, .308 and .30-06, and used 600 meters for the 7mm and .300 Magnums: the charts included wind drifts for 5-10-15 kilometers per hour from 9 o'clock and 12 o'clock. Small charts of holdovers and holdunders from 100 to

900 meters were taped to each stock.

Training The Trainers

Aware that I couldn't do a good job of simultaneously training 30 snipers, I decided to pick three teams to personally work with — who could then teach the others to be trainers. Those trainers would then fan out through the region and instruct other teams.

Using the Steyr with a photograph of Serbian communist strong man Slobodan Milosovic's face as a target, all 30 men shot for group at 100 meters. The Steyr recorded five-shot groups from a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch to $\frac{2}{2}$ inches, and I had my three two-man sniper teams.

Dividing my time between the firing line and the classroom, with the three teams in action and the other 12 teams watching, we began training sniper instructors. One of the first instructional problems we had to take care of was attitude. Like the Saudis, every Croatian knew in his heart he was born a dead shot. It was part of being a man.

The Croatians did do better than the Saudis out to about 300 meters with no wind. One afternoon with a breeze from 11 o'clock. I set up a target that they had

to guess was 650 meters and let them have at it. Not a single hit was recorded on a 2x4-foot target; their attitudes changed.

Using copies of the U.S. Marine Corps' official scout/sniper manual that had been hurriedly translated into Croatian by the English-language faculty of a Croatian university, I worked them hard. On the range it was mostly range estimation and holds and leads, with shooting done from 300 to 900 meters. In class it was lessons learned and an overview of movement, concealment and camouflage. All of them made their own Ghillie suits out of whatever they could find.

Jure, the Croatian who deserted his Yugo army sniper job with his rifle, proved to be a keen observer who could recite his recent Yugo sniper training by

> the lesson and had even retained his copy of their sniper training manual. We spent several days with him and his rifle in the field learning everything he could teach us about the enemy snipers our boys would be up against.

Although the 7.9mm Yugoslav cartridge is interchangeable with the highly respected 7.92x57mm Mauser round, and the workmanship of the M76 and its scope was high quality, both the design and level of

technology belonged to the late 1960s instead of the early '90s.

I tried the M76 from 100 out to 600 meters with Yugo match ammunition and found that at best it wouldn't group much under 4 MOA – about the same as a surplus, iron-sighted Garand out of the box. The Soviet-designed scope also suffered from the same technological and design limitations as the rifle, and the lighted reticle and range-finder arrangements were gimmickry of little practical use. All considered, the M76 was suitable for supplementary use by infantry, shooting from trench line to trench line across no-man's-land – this wasn't what we were going to do.

Jure's sniper manual and the variations he had learned only a few months before showed me that, like their sniper rifle and scope, Yugoslav army snipers were rather thoroughly indoctrinated with antiquated field craft and shooting techniques.

For example, their camouflage training was mostly useless. They knew next to nothing about hides, preferring instead to crawl up trees. Most of their firing involved standing offhand or kneeling, with little emphasis on shooting from prone or with the use of rests. The part I liked best was that their training regimen made no mention of countersniper work!

I soon learned that Croatian policemen occupying half of a small village about 10km away had been taking casualties from Yugo snipers. Croatian field intelligence indicated that they were from a Yugoslav special forces unit; I decided that taking them on would be a good field exercise for my three best teams.

The village was a traditional European farm town with fields surrounding it. It had been deserted a month or so before. Inside the town limits lay a no-man's-land between the front lines of opposing forces, where patrols engaged each other amid artillery bombardments.

Mortars were incoming when we infiltrated the Yugo half of the village around sundown with a Croatian patrol. We were dressed like the rest of the patrol with the Ghillie suits and spotting scopes stuffed in our rucksacks. We split off from the patrol as the mortar attack began to subside and small-arms fire began to kick up. There were green tracers coming from all sides and some .50 caliber from the direction of the Serb lines on the other side of a cornfield.

High-Velocity Hidey-Holes

Most of the buildings had sustained hits, so there were plenty of holes and piles of rubble to hide in. During the night we built five hasty hides in the rubble; I put two teams in two of them with the strict instruction that they should fire no more than two shots before moving back to another hide. Further, I reminded them that the reason we were there was to inflict the maximum amount of egregious bodily harm to the other side; therefore, if they fired twice, there had better be two dead bodies.

I took the third team back about 200 meters to the second story of a house that had a good view of the back of all five hides, so that we could provide security if things began to turn sour with the two working teams. The house had been hit twice, but the stairway was still intact and there was a deep basement.

All night long, mortar rounds came in two- or three-round salvos, but the exchanges of small-arms fire died down after midnight. It was mostly cloudy, but a three-quarter moon occasionally peeked through, illuminating the fields that were heavy with corn which wouldn't be harvested and providing a ghostly view of the shattered village.

By daybreak neither team had fired a shot, which was good because I wasn't looking forward to trying to navigate the village in the dark if they got into trouble.

About 0700, the man downstairs came up to our floor whispering excitedly. When the translation came through, he was saying he'd heard movement nearby; all three of us went into full alert.

I kept the Steyr with me and followed





him back downstairs, leaving one man upstairs with binoculars to watch the hides. We both readied grenades and hid behind piles of timber and brick to wait. Soon I heard the noise outside. There was clearly movement in the garden, but no voices.

After a while, we heard pig noises and looked out. A large pig was tearing flesh off the corpse of an emaciated milk cow that had probably been hit the day before. I felt easier, but the Croatian was clearly worried about the pig and wanted to shoot it. The reason he was so worried was the fact that pigs turned carnivorous by hunger will quickly attack a man.

Throughout the morning we watched other livestock and domestic animals moving around the village. My worst fear was that one of the pigs would sniff up a sniper team and we would have to blow our position to kill the beast.

The Butcher

Aside from a mama cat and three kittens, nothing came close to the hides that afternoon, but around 1500 I heard a proper scuffle downstairs and a loud pig snort. I was on the way downstairs when I met my man coming up, wiping blood off his knife. "Serbski sveinjetina," he said — Serbian pork. He had patiently waited and cut the pig's throat as it came through a hole in the wall.

By the time the sun began to sink, we hadn't fired a shot, had only a dead pig to show for our time and the Croatian patrol would soon be coming in to pick us up.

It was almost dark. I'd pretty much given up and was back in the shadows shucking my Ghillie suit when the forward hides fired once each. I was on my belly with the binoculars when one of the hides fired a second time. Within a moment or so, two more shots sounded, but not from the hide – these came from our flank and slightly to the rear. It could be a Croatian, but aside from the patrol there weren't supposed to be any in this part of the village.

I grabbed my teammate and moved as quickly as possible to the other side of the house. The entire top corner of the building had been blown off on that side, so he aimed his rifle in the general direction of the sound while I scanned the area. Sure enough, there was another muzzle flash up high in a group of houses about 200 meters away.

I heard my sniper set his double

in fact, he took two more, clearly

triggers and hoped that the other guy

would take just one more shot. He did

firing a semiautomatic. No sooner had

his second shot flashed when the .300

WinMag next to me fired once. My

sniper didn't move out of position as he

cycled a fresh cartridge into the chamber.

I was proud of him. Even if he missed,

he held well and was moving correctly

while, but no other muzzle flashes

and the Croatian patrol, we went to recon

the house from where the semiauto fire

had come. The Croatians checked the

house and motioned me in. There was a

man in Yugo army camo laying on the

floor with a silver-dollar-size exit hole in his spine, where his back met his

appeared in that direction.

almost not at all. We watched for a

After linking up with our two teams

Croatian

policemen near front line. Man at left carries M-56 submachine gun: in center, a scoped 7x57mm Mauser rifle; man at far right has another scoped hunting rifle. Levels of private gun ownership in Croatia enabled the formation of sniper corps from existing arms and riflemen.

Croatian sniper with scoped .300 Winchester Magnum hunting rifle in Serbian Eastern Orthodox church. Targets, hides are where you find them in a war with bewildering battle lines.

neck. Turning him over, there was an entry hole just above the clavicle where the 180grain Barnes X had entered. Someone obviously had been with him, because his rifle was gone. But the empty shell casings on the floor were 7.92x57mm with Cyrillic headstamps: This told me there was at least one Yugo-trained sniper who didn't know enough to properly acquire his target or to move after the second shot.

Four Shots, Four Down

After we got out of the village, the two forward teams explained their three shots. They had engaged a Serb patrol coming out of the cornfields. Both teams had put one man down each at about 300 meters with their first shots. Then, when one of the Serbs' buddies had come out from cover to check the two on the ground, one of my guys had laid him down with another

Continued on page 83

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SADDAM'S REVENGE

by Dale B. Cooper

With the perverse instincts of wolverines who soil what they cannot eat, Iraqi President Saddam Hussein's routed forces torched 642 oil wells as they fled Kuwait in mid-February 1991. Saddam not only turned "day into night," he turned a desert paradise into a poisonous cauldron that appears to have inflicted serious damage to the health of many U.S. Marines and other Coalition forces who drove

his army from Kuwait.

As the blazing wellheads released toxic gases into the air and blackened the sky from horizon to horizon with melding columns of dense smoke, the burning oil wells unleashed an environmental nightmare — its aggregate damage is just now being fully appreciated.

Some Marine helicopter pilots flying close airsupport missions for advancing units of the 1st and 2nd Marine divisions compared the aerial scene to Dante's Inferno. In an exclusive interview with Soldier Of Fortune, retired General H. Norman Schwarzkopf said he couldn't believe his eyes when he first saw the burning oil fields.

"I was coming in to land in Kuwait [en route to Safwan to sign a permanent cease-fire with Lieutenant General Sultan Ahmad, deputy chief of staff for the Iraqi Ministry of Defense] when all of a sudden we were in pitch blackness," Schwarzkopf said, recalling seeing fireballs giant

through the black smoke.

"My God! This must be what hell looks like," Schwarzkopf told himself as his plane landed in Kuwait City on 3 March 1991. The heavy pall of smoke blotted out the sun and turned midmorning to twilight. "Everyone was driving around with their

> lights on. It was pitchblack and the air was full of smoke and I got to tell you, I got mad. I mean I really got angry," the general recalled.

S c h w a r z k o p f drove to Safwan air base, located about six miles inside Iraq, determined to keep his cool and be very statesmanlike, but he blew his stack when he saw what Saddam's army had done to Kuwait. "I was really burned up," he reflected.

S c h w a r z k o p f managed to get himself under control before sitting down to deal firmly with the Iraqis. But "the Bear," as his loyal troops call the 6-foot-4-inch fourstar general, had to bite his lip. Was Saddam's "scorched earth policy" in Kuwait a tactical decision made to cover his retreating army, or was this despicable act simply the perverse revenge of a sore loser?

"I think it was pure and simply a vindictive act," Schwarzkopf said, "but it did demonstrate the degree of hate the Iraqis had for the Kuwaitis."

Senseless Act Of Destruction

Looking back on the fires that took 9,000 men some eight months to extinguish, the general said he was convinced it was a "senseless act of destruction," but what made him so mad was the fact it was also an act of "ecological terrorism." Schwarzkopf's nostrils flared and his voice tightened each time he spoke of the scene when his plane descended from blue sky through a disgusting, sooty cloud of smoke over Kuwait.

The scene was even more sinister at ground level, where the grunts blew their way through two minefields in southern Kuwait to advance toward the burning oil fields. "At times it was so dark in the middle of the day, you could barely see the ground," recalled Lance Corporal Charles Weatherman, an M60 machine gunner with the 1st Marine Division.

Although it was difficult to breathe in the dense smoke, Weatherman and the Marines in his weapons platoon weren't concerned about the long-term effects of inhaling the smoke — at the time. "There were bullets whizzing by our heads," he said. "Smoke was the last thing we were worried about."

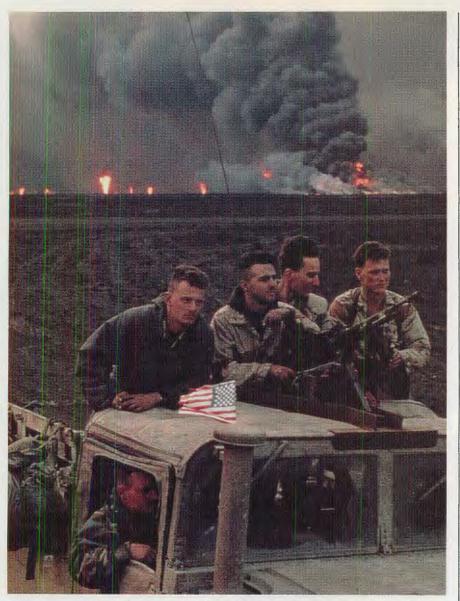
Around 1200 on the ground war's opening day (24 February), Weatherman was seriously wounded by a shell fragment. Although losing a lot of blood, he stayed behind his machine gun until the extent of his injury became apparent, then he was evacuated by order of his platoon commander.

Weatherman's career in the Marine Corps ended a year later when he was medically discharged as "physically unfit for further military service." The shell fragment is still lodged in Weatherman's neck, a few millimeters from his carotid

Burning oil wells in Kuwait turn night into day, raining soot and the toxic products of incomplete combustion over the KTO. The battle is done; the fires are out, but the ecological and ruinous health effects are only now being felt. Photo: McCurry/Magnum



Iraq's Oilfield Arson: Another Agent Orange?



Hundreds of burning oil wells blacken the sky as U.S. troops race toward Kuwait City and a rendezvous with an unseen, poison enemy. Photo: Barbey/Magnum

artery - it cannot be surgically removed.

Although recovered from this war wound, Weatherman has also fallen victim to a mysterious illness now afflicting hundreds – perhaps thousands – of Gulf War veterans. Dubbed "Gulf War Syndrome," its symptoms range from hair loss, fatigue and muscle aches to dizzy spells, diarrhea, bleeding gums and shortness of breath – even memory loss.

Wounds That Do Not Heal

After recovering from his battle wounds. Weatherman tried to work in construction near his home in Waynesville, North Carolina, but found he had no stamina. "When I bent over, I couldn't breathe and almost passed out," he said. A less demanding job on an assembly line at a furniture factory lasted only a few days. "Fumes from the lacquer we used to coat the furniture seemed to make my condition worse."

Weatherman is currently unemployed. In addition to losing his hair and feeling

like a 70-year-old man, he is also experiencing episodes of memory loss. His father, who did two combat tours in Vietnam as a Navy gunner's mate on a riverine gunboat, said his son got lost coming home from the furniture factory that was only a mile-and-a-half away. "He sat in the living room and cried like a baby," James K. Weatherman said later.

"I just had a total memory loss. Most of the time the memory loss isn't that bad, but that time it was. I couldn't remember anything. It was like I had total amnesia. I knew where I lived, but I just forgot completely where I was," the younger Weatherman explained.

The young man has gone for help to the Veterans Affairs hospital in Asheville, North Carolina, but doctors there told him his medical problems were probably due to stress and therefore not service-related. Asked to explain his hair loss, VA doctors blamed male pattern baldness. "Ridiculous," exclaimed Jim Weatherman. "There is no baldness in my family. All of the men, like me, have a full head of hair."

When the senior Weatherman took his son to Duke University Medical Center, they were told he had asthma, given an inhaler and sent home. "I'm no doctor," said the younger Weatherman, "but I know you just don't catch asthma like you catch a cold." One of Weatherman's buddies from Naples, Florida, was discharged from the Marine Corps because of asthma he reportedly contracted in the Gulf. Weatherman noted that more than 10 other Marines in his outfit also "caught" asthma.

Similar Symptoms

After Weatherman's Purple Heart ceremony at the Navy and Marine Reserve Training Center in Greenville, two reservists came forward and said they suffer from similar problems.

"Primarily hair loss and fatigue," Chief Warrant Officer 4 Douglas Kirtley noted later, adding that all he wants to do is sleep. Kirtley, who has not yet gone to the VA for help, is trying not to worry about his condition. "Maybe I'm just putting a mental block on it, because if you don't think about something, maybe it will go away." So far it hasn't gone away.

Master Gunnery Sergeant Gary E. Mason, a member of Ammo Company, has experienced similar problems. "Once I go to sleep, my wife has to shake me and yell at me in order to wake me up," Mason said. He also suffers from a rash all over his body and has difficulty keeping food down. "Sometimes I won't eat for two or three days, and then when I do eat, it all comes up."

Mason has sought medical attention from the VA. But doctors don't know what his problem is. He thinks the fact that ASP-1 (Ammo Supply Point 1), which he helped set up south of the Saudi/Kuwaiti border, was built on a burial ground for dead animals could point to a cause for his rash. "There were dead camels, sheep and other animals everywhere," he recalled.

Lieutenant Colonel Jim Mattis, former commander of 1st Battalion, 7th Regiment, who led the way for Task Force Ripper (the 1st Division's drive into Kuwait) inhaled more than his share of smoke from burning oil fields. "The Al Birkan oil field, which burned the fiercest of all the oil fields in Kuwait, was always on Ripper's right flank," he said. Unlike Weatherman, who claimed his

Unlike Weatherman, who claimed his superiors didn't warn him of the dangers of breathing smoke from burning oil wells, Mattis cautioned his men to cover their noses and mouths with scarves or whatever they could find. "We knew full well that the most toxic smoke over there was coming out of the high-pressure Birkan oil field, and we got clear guidance from 1st Marine Division's intel people and from the 1st Marine Division commander, both before, during and afterward that there was a potential problem," Mattis recalled.

Afterward, service time in the KTO (Kuwait Theater of Operations) and location of service were stamped into the record books of all Marine Corps personnel so the whereabouts of every individual in the Marine Expeditionary Force exposed to the smoke could be traced.

Pulmonary Problems

Uniformly. men in Mattis' battalion experienced problems upon their return to Twenty-Nine Palms, California, where 1/7 is based. They caught more colds and experienced more upper respiratory infections. including flu, than was normal. Mattis himself had a hard time when he left the dry desert high country of California and came east to an area known for its humidity.

"I repeatedly had upper respiratory infections, including a couple of bouts with pneumonia," said Mattis, who sometimes feels older than his 42 years. However, Mattis thinks his battalion's health problems involved more than just breathing oil smoke. "I think the routine nature of our diet, the lack of workout facilities in the desert and lack of proper rest affected our overall health."

Charles Weatherman is no "whiner," and neither are any of the other Marines I've talked to over the past few months. All they want is to get well — to be able to do the things they did before the war. "It takes my son two days to mow the yard," Jim Weatherman lamented. "a job he used to complete in a few hours."

Marine Captain Dave Fournier spends most of his time in bed or in a chair, too tired to do more. His sleep is interrupted by night sweats. At age 41, Fournier has been hospitalized at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, with pneumonia and heart problems. "Every time I take a shower, I lose hundreds of strands of hair," he said. "I suspect it might be petrochemical poisoning from the oil fires."

According to Sergeant Lori Rosalius, 29. of Crescent City, Illinois, "what we do know is that something happened to affect all of us." Like other military personnel who served six-and-a-half months with the Army Reserve in Saudi Arabia, she is losing her hair and suffering from chronic fatigue. Like many of the Marines from Ammo Company, Rosalius can sleep 18 to 20 hours per day.

Multiple Miscarriages

Melissa Benson, 22, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, suffers from dizziness, shortness of breath and aching joints. A former Specialist 4th Class in the Army, Benson doesn't want to have children until she finds out what's wrong with her body.

Eight of 10 wives of Allan Deetz's unit who conceived after their husbands returned from the Gulf had miscarried. "Two of the women have since miscarried a second time," noted the artilleryman from Fort Wainright, Alaska. "That really scares me." His wife is pregnant again.

Virginia Stephanakis of the Army Surgeon General's Office said the miscarriages may be unrelated, unfortunate coincidences. According to her, a study of miscarriages before and after the war at the Army's largest installations found the rate was the same — about 8% of all

pregnancies — half the national average. Veterans still vow to keep up the pressure until someone can explain the so-called "mystery illness."

"We're not looking for compensation," Rosalius said. "We want a cure. All the money in the world can't bring back somebody's health." When Rosalius and 78 other Army reservists complained of postwar fatigue, aches and breathing problems, the Army investigated and concluded the ailments must be stress-related.

When the health

House Veterans Affairs Committee held

its first hearing on the so-called "Gulf

War Syndrome," two of the witnesses

included a psychiatrist from the Uniformed

Services University of Health Sciences and

an epidemiologist from the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research who had

evaluated members of the 123rd Army

Reserve Command. More than 33% of

these reservists told Major Ann E.

Norwood and Lt. Col. Robert F. DeFraites

they had trouble remembering things; also,

37% had trouble falling asleep, 52% were

easily tired and 61% had little or no energy.

potential of causing health effects of both

acute and chronic natures. Chemicals such

as sulfur dioxide and hydrogen sulfide, as

well as carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons

and volatile components such as benzene

and toulene are often found along with

at the University of Texas Medical Branch

in Galveston, told me that if military

personnel in the Gulf inhaled

hydrocarbons, neurological damage could

occur and this could account for the

depression, memory loss and behavior

changes that Gulf War veterans are

experiencing. "Some of these effects are

irreversible," Legateur said. "In fact, there

have been suggestions in medical literature

recently that we may even have a long

latency period where we don't see

Dr. Marvin Legateur, an epidemiologist

particulate matter (soot) in oil fires.

Emissions from oil fires have the

care panel of the

Former L/Cpl. Charles Weatherman receives Purple Heart from Capt. George Folta of Ammunition Company, 4th Supply Battalion at Greenville, South Carolina. Purple Heart was for shrapnel wound in neck — but Weatherman's most serious Gulf War injury may well be a yetundefined petroleum poisoning that caused him to be honorably discharged as unfit for further military service.

Photo: Dale B. Cooper

neurological deficits until years later."

According to Dr. John S. Andrews, Associate Administrator of the Agency for Toxic Substances and Disease Registry within the Public Health Service, two major pollutants, sulfur dioxide and nitrogen dioxide, never reached harmful levels in Kuwait. But Andrews acknowledged that measurements of air pollutants from the

> Kuwait oil fires were not adequate to fully evaluate their potential long-term health effects.

No Harmful Levels?

Speaking as a past president of the American Epidemiological Association and the American College of Epidemiology, and also as current chairman of the Department of Epidemiology at the Graduate School of Public Health at the University of Pittsburgh, Dr. Lewis Kuller agrees: "To date. the environmental studies do not

identify any substantial exposure to environmental toxins from the Kuwait oil fires, even among those most heavily exposed."

Kuller said preliminary quantitative risk assessments have also been done showing extremely low risk of potential cancers over lifetimes of individuals exposed to the oil fires.

On 20 August 1992, an expert panel on petroleum toxicity held a special meeting at the Uniform Services University of the Health Sciences in Bethesda, Maryland. "Except for 28 reported cases of Leishmaniasis, a rare and potentially fatal parasitic infection of internal organs, there has been no serious epidemic associated with Operation Desert Shield and Operation Desert Storm," noted Kuller, who participated in the panel discussion.

"This does not mean that military personnel who have been in Southwest Asia have not and will not develop diseases," Kuller told members of the congressional health panel. The doctor angered at least one member of the panel when he stated it was a mistake to identify a new disease [Gulf War Syndrome] instead of facing the reality that some personnel who deployed to Southwest Asia may have had a history of depression, or couldn't find a decent job when they came home, and therefore don't feel well.

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SOF's Tech Editor Trains Transvaal Counterinsurgency Unit

SOUTH AFRICA'S SHIELD: 115 BATTALION



Text & Photos by Peter G. Kokalis



Winning a shooting match doesn't necessarily mean you're the better shot. It could simply indicate that, like me, you are more sly and cunning than your opponents. Such was the case during my recent one-week stay with the 115 Battalion of the South African Defense Force (SADF).

I was informed one afternoon, while out at the range as a consulting instructor of rifle marksmanship, that there would be night firing competition that evening for Charlie Company's training cadre and certain headquarters personnel, including the Officer Commanding (OC), the Operations Officer and the Regimental Sergeant Major (RSM). All of these latter, I was informed, were expert shots. I was expected to participate.

Unfamiliarity with the R4 rifle and the course of fire were not listed as permissible excuses for my abstention.

Resigned to my active participation, I began to plot my tactics at dusk. First, I called for a formation of the recruits who had fired that day and commanded the troop who had fired the highest scores to step forward. I then requisitioned his rifle for the competition - reasoning that, at the very least, his weapon was correctly zeroed.

While waiting for the sun to set, I casually inquired of the corporals if they ever fired their R4s from the bipod. Corporal Pienaar informed me that the R4's integral bipod was employed by regulation only during ambushes when there was a possibility of a long wait, as the bipod adversely affected the rifle's accuracy potential. I in turn informed him that I had but one regulation concerning combat and that was to defeat the enemy. Furthermore, the bipod's effect on the barrel's harmonics would not affect the weapon's accuracy potential at a range of only 100 meters — the distance from which we would be firing during the competition.

The rules were quite simple. We would be firing from the prone position at a standard SADF zeroing target, which was something more than about 1-foot square. We would start from the standing with unloaded rifles and loaded magazines on

Recruits are watched closely by cadre during the rifle marksmanship phase of Charlie Company's basic training cycle. ground cloths in front of us. Upon a series of commands (given in Afrikaans) we would fall to the prone and load. Shortly afterward, a single pot flare on both the right and left flanks of the row of targets would be ignited. They burn for approximately one minute. Within this time frame you pour lead into your target. The one with the greatest number of hits within the scoring rings wins.

There were two targets per frame, an upper and lower. I requested the upper target on the farthest left frame, as it would be the easiest to index on without confusion (not necessarily so, as I was to learn).

I managed to fire no more than a full

magazine (35 rounds) during the first go-around. Far to my right I heard one of the corporals go cyclic and immediately scratched him off the list of possible contenders. I won with ease. Most of my shots were within the scoring ring. The OC and ops officer (both 44 Para Bat hotshots) and the RSM (ex-Special Forces) had borrowed rifles of unknown potential

from recruits and their hits were either low or far to the right, completely out of the scoring rings.

The RSM demanded a second chance. This time the pot flare on the left failed to go off. When I arrived at the targets, the RSM was bragging about how he had adjusted his aim as the center of his target was filled with bullet holes, although he still had quite a few to the right. My target was clean. There wasn't a single hole in the paper. I had shot on the RSM's target, which was the upper target next to mine. He failed to appreciate either this reality or the humor of it.

We fired a third time. The bullet holes moved back from the RSM's target to mine. This time I came in second behind one of Charlie Company's lieutenants. The RSM expressed his opinion that the entire match was a waste of his time. As we rode back to the officer's club in the dark, it seemed to me that the RSM was driving over boulders in a manner intended to get me pitched out of the Land-Rover; he denied this. All of this, as well as my stay at 115 Bn, was totally unexpected when I arrived in South Africa last June.

I had been scheduled by SADF to visit six different military units in two days the usual dog and pony show. When we went to 115 Bn to test-fire an array of LIW weaponry, from the R4 rifle series to the GA-1 20mm automatic cannon, I complained to 115's OC, Commandant (Lieutenant Colonel) F. R. "Bobby" Booyse. He stated that in another week Charlie Company would commence the live-fire rifle marksmanship portion of their basic training cycle and I was welcome to hop onboard for as long as I wanted. 115 Bn turned out to be one of the most intriguing military units I have ever been associated with.

The history of 115 Bn began in 1984 as independence loomed for KwaNdebele (the "place of the Ndebele") — homeland area of the Ndebele and located in the northern Transvaal — in the following year. "Project Postal" was created to plan and coordinate the establishment of a

KwaNdebele defense force. KwaNdebele chose to remain within the Republic of South Africa as a self-governing territory, and 115 Bn was absorbed by the SADF.

Back on 17 January 1985, 30 troops were sent out to Shanandoa in KwaNdebele to develop the battalion's

infrastructure. Although the unit still controls more than 5,600 acres at this location, the base camp itself proved to be too small and the battalion moved to Elandsfontein in January 1991. Defense budget cuts forced a move to Murrayhill, outside of Pretoria where the battalion has more than 45,000 acres of training area.

Shanandoa remains the permanent operation base of Alpha Company. The KwaNdebele region and the Northern Transvaal Command of the SADF contain around 3,270 square kilometers. There are some 7 million people in this area. Population density is 214 people per square kilometer. The topography varies from grassland to bushveldt to mountainous.

The Menagerie

Alpha Company's base falls within a KwaNdebele nature preserve, and game movements are not restricted. Large mammals on this preserve include white rhino, impala, kudu, blue wildebeest, eland, gemsbok, mountain reedbuck, blesbok, gray duiker, red hartebeest, steenbok, klipspringer, waterbuck, nyala, bushbuck, jackal, hyena, leopard, warthog and zebra.

No need of antipersonnel mines in this region, as there are black mamba, night and puff adders, the Mozambique spitting cobra, Egyptian cobras and almost two dozen other snakes to wind around your legs. While prowling about the area in a Land-Rover I personally observed white rhino, impala, zebra, kudu, nyala, warthog and ostrich.

The battalion's insignia is quite unusual. It features the face of an otter with a white beard over two crossed battle-axes against a blue background. The otter is a sacred symbol of the Ndebele nation. The white beard symbolizes seniority in the tribal hierarchy. Tribal chieftains wear ceremonial necklaces of beads and otterskin aprons. A brown skin signifies a senior captain. The larger the white area on the skin, the higher the rank. The two battleaxes are traditional weapons of the Ndebele. Three flowers in a rectangular box above the otter represent the Northern Transvaal Command. The battalion's motto is Kuvuswa Ezivusako, which in the Ndebele language means "Help for those who help themselves."

Started initially as an ethnic unit for the Ndebele people (part of the South Nguni ethnic group), 115 Bn is now totally integrated and also contains Xhosa, Zulu, Shangaans, Northern and Southern Sotho, the Tswana and both Afrikaners and English-speaking whites. While I was in the unit there was one black officer, with three other blacks completing leadership training at the infantry school in Oudtshoorn. A significant portion of the NCOs are also black. Eighteen other black candidate officers are being sent to the infantry school.

Most of 115's soldiers are high school graduates. All are Permanent Force volunteers, except for Charlie Company which has a two-year enlistment program that can be extended.

115 Bn is an urban counterinsurgency (COIN) unit. Its stated mission is to bring about and maintain stability and normality within the operational area of the northern Transvaal command and KwaNdebele. The unit strives for absolute impartiality in both its actions and in the execution of unit members' duties.

There are three fighting companies. Two are fully trained and one, Charlie Company, was in the process of training during my stay with the battalion. The rear-echelon support company contains the band, medics, cooks and various logistics personnel. There are a total of 1,100 personnel serving in the battalion.

The main transport of the battalion is the Buffel Mine Protected Vehicle (MPV). Logistics vehicles include the SAMIL 20 4x4 (2,000kg), the SAMIL 50 4x4(4,800kg) and the SAMIL 100 6x6(10,000kg) trucks.

115 Bn Weaponry

115 Battalion is equipped with the type of light weaponry usually associated with a counterinsurgency unit. Officers and NCOs sometimes carry either the Spanish Star Model B or South African Z88 9mm Parabellum pistols. Caliber 5.56x45mm NATO R4 rifles are standard issue. Both the superb South African SS-77 and the





Main transport of 115 Bn is the South African

Buffel Mine Protected Vehicle (MPV) shown

here at Alpha Company's base in

Shanandoa, KwaNdebele.



SOF's Technical Editor Peter G. Kokalis with some of Charlie Company's officers and NCOs, all of whom served as instructors during rifle marksmanship training of the company's recruits.

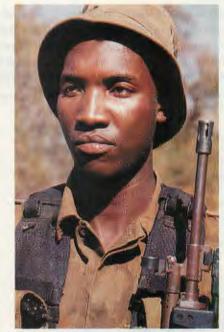
FN MAG 58 caliber 7.62x51mm NATO General Purpose Machine Guns (GPMGs) are fielded as well. The unit is also equipped with a 37mm gas grenade launcher, the combloc RPG-7V rocket launcher, the U.S. M79 40mm grenade launcher and the South African Y2 40mm Multi-shot Grenade Launcher (MGL).

The MGL, a six-cylinder, revolver-type weapon fires M406-type, high-low propulsion 40mm grenades. Its doubleaction firing mechanism is not linked to the cylinder. Cylinder advance is controlled by a gas-operated plunger, which is actuated when a round is fired. A singlepoint gunsight is attached to a mount on top of the launcher that provides for elevation adjustment. Maximum effective range is 400 meters. At almost 12 pounds

Current version of SADF combat pack and harness. Note unusual camouflage pattern on fatigues, which was to have been the uniform of the KwaNdebele Defense Force.



it is, in my opinion, too heavy and awkward for infantry traveling on foot, but mechanized troops can put its practical rate-of-fire of 18 rounds per minute to good use. The most powerful weapon in the battalion's arsenal is the South African 60mm M4 Mk1 patrol mortar, which weighs only 15.5 pounds. With a range of 100 to 2,000 meters, it will fire any NATOstandard ammunition. Its barrel hinges in one plane only on the interchangeable breech-piece, for quick and accurate aiming. with remarkable stability for so light a mortar. The M4 breech-



This Northern Sotho soldier with his R4 rifle is typical of the completely integrated South African Defense Force. His counterinsurgency unit, 115 Bn, contains troops from at least nine different ethnic groups.

piece has a trigger mechanism which enables the operator to walk with a bomb in the barrel. If the fixed firing pin is installed, or the M4 Mk1 breech-piece substituted, the mortar is fired by conventional muzzle-end loading. A clamp-on handgrip incorporates a special sight with all the data needed (range, elevation and charge) engraved on the faceplate. This is, without doubt, the ultimate lightweight mortar, with a wide range of applications for special operations units.

There were a few other combloc-type captured small arms in the battalion

besides the RPG-7V. I examined and fired a Romanian AKM with a phosphate ("parkerized") finish that was manufactured in 1974. The bottom and rear of its vertical-grip lower forearm was badly scuffed, as all that I have ever examined were. While the vertical-grip lower forearm provides a secure hold for the support hand when firing in the fullauto mode, it is a decided hindrance when changing magazines. Kalashnikov magazines must be rocked forward when they are removed or inserted. They will invariably strike against this laminatedwood vertical grip whenever this is done rapidly. Most of the Romanian AKMs used by the contras in Nicaragua had the vertical grip portion of the lower forearm crudely sawed off.

Personnel within the battalion are also trained in the employment of heavy weapons such as the 81mm mortar, but these are not part of the unit's inventory.

However, no matter how superb the equipment, its proper tactical application is the cutting edge between success or failure in a counterinsurgency. And this, in turn, is a function of proper training.

Α complete recruit training cycle in 115 Bn takes 39 weeks. A threeweek orientation precedes three 12week courses. The 12-week basic training phase covers drill, field rifle craft. marksmanship, map reading, military law, "regimental" duties (normal daily routines and guard duty) and first aid. This is followed by 12 weeks of advanced basic training, which

includes platoon weapons, signals, first aid and section-fighting skills. The final 12 weeks, or COIN phase, covers company and platoon formations in urban areas, temporary bases, ambushes, helicopter drills, the military and civilian legal aspects of urban warfare, house clearing and crowd control.

I arrived at 115 Bn just as Charlie Company's recruits were about to commence the rifle marksmanship portion of their first 12-week basic training course. Booyse asked for my input and I spent all

Continued on page 82

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE 49



by Isaac Staats Photos courtesy of author

Time to close up shop and celebrate: Three bottles of cheap champagne popped open in a surveillance command post, marking the finale to three frenzied weeks of round-the-clock storefront dealings and observation in a northeastern San Diego business park. Time for federal and state drug agents to toast their "sting" of criminal chemists who shopped there for supplies to make methamphetamine, a potent crystalline stimulant.

It hadn't been a cinch, but it succeeded – and then some. California's largest-ever sting operation would result in prosecution of more than 100 lawbreakers – "meth cookers" embodying diverse lifestyles ranging from menacing thugs to "Ozzie and Harriet" family units. A surly looking biker behind the "Triple Neck Scientific" counter had welcomed them all.

Soldier Of Fortune presents an in-depth look at the joint Drug Enforcement Administration/California Bureau of Narcotic Enforcement operation that successfully ended San Diego's dubious distinction as "the methamphetamine capital of the country."

The joint federal-state sting operation to purge San Diegoarea methamphetamine labs quietly began in 1985, spurred by the efforts of two DEA agents. At the venture's finale, dozens of state and local law enforcement personnel rallied with assistance, along with national authorities — but the storefront outlet surveillance concept originated with DEA Special Agent Ronald D'Ulisse.

In 1981, D'Ulisse's work included making note of unusual sales at retail chemical outlets; this involved following up on



Weapons seized during Triple Neck arrest sweep included everything from rusted and sawed-off shotguns to state-of-the-art Kalashnikov and Hak assault rifles.

cash payments for chemicals or supplies that could be used in producing illegal drugs.

Agents had monitored chemical companies' nationwide sales of precursors used in the making of methamphetamine. LSD and other illegal drugs ever since 1973, when the DEA was formed by the U.S. Department of Justice. Generally, the chemical industry has readily cooperated with DEA agents.

In the early 1980s D'Ulisse would visit chemical houses about once a year, leave his business card and request a report whenever suspicious individuals sought chemicals used in making drugs. "The chemical companies here were great back then," the agent noted. "They were archenemies of illegal cookers. They never argued with us."

The DEA shut down less than six meth labs per year in the early 1980s. "We had so few labs then, we didn't even bother to keep records," D'Ulisse recalled. "In fact, lab seizures were so rare that agents from other groups would go out to the lab site just to see it. I was on the job for 12 years before I bumped into two labs ... they were special — different."

It seemed the DEA's chemical control programs in 1982 were effective. "The chemical companies would either report sales or not stock the merchandise used to make meth," D'Ulisse said. Late that year, however, agents from San Diego County's Integrated Narcotic Task Force found the first ephedrine-reduction methamphetamine lab in Jamul, a small town east of the city.

Speed Lab Goes BOOM!

The county agents learned how ephedrine is a chemical cousin of methamphetamine. With less work, "cookers" could now produce more meth from ephedrine more rapidly, while decreasing costs and risks. After processing, 1 pound of ephedrine could yield about 1 pound of methamphetamine. Around this same time, the first "rogue" chemical company – RJM – opened for business in Santee, a small community in East County, some 15 miles east of San Diego.

"At first, we didn't realize how badly the rogue chemical companies hurt the DEA precursor-control program in San Diego," D'Ulisse said. Yet the number of meth labs seized in San Diego County began growing. Then in May 1984 a massive meth lab exploded in quiet Ramona, a community about 35 miles northeast of San Diego.

Knowledge of the ephedrine process rapidly circulated among prison inmates. Upon release, they could buy the chemicals and glassware at a rogue chemical outlet where no questions would be asked; for a \$3,000 investment, criminals might turn a \$20,000 profit. The problem was growing so rapidly that the DEA put



together the "Group 4" enforcement team to deal solely with meth cooking.

"By '84, the ephedrine method had grown in popularity. We had no way of knowing what was going on, how many people we were dealing with, how many organizations were out there. We no longer had the ability to gauge the severity of the problem," D'Ulisse said, pointing out how most "cookers" had quit shopping at ethical chemical stores. "Anyone who did was ultimately arrested."

With rogue outlets stonewalling the DEA,

the Group 4 agents had to monitor such companies in order to pinpoint suspects. This required several agents and hundreds of hours in the field, but yielded limited results. "When you're on the outside looking in, it's tough. You don't know if it's an innocent citizen who went in there by mistake, or whether it was a guy going in to buy 100 pounds of chemicals for a major lab," observed D'Ulisse, a Group 4 member.

In November 1984, DEA agents watching the RJM store observed Johnnie Leroy Caldwell exit the building with several boxes. He was followed to a condo in Chula Vista, just south of San Diego. "We knew he had recently been released from prison,"



Distinctive markings on seized weapon reflect a "meth cooker's" pride of ownership. We can only speculate what he or she was keeping track of.

D'Ulisse recalled. "We had a source who told us [Caldwell] intended to make meth - he was sent to prison for selling it."

The agents chose to tail Caldwell after he left RJM because "he had no job to justify the use of ether, one of the chemicals he purchased. Yet we couldn't establish an intent to manufacture because he was carrying plain, brown boxes with no markings," D'Ulisse said.

The Group 4 team then reflected on "our previous dealings with the company and our intelligence on him, and from our

experience we suspected he was a cooker," D'Ulisse noted. They contacted his probation officer and went to the suspect's condo.

Agents interviewed neighbors; some said Caldwell ran water at unusual hours, a practice consistent with meth production. One agent climbed onto the condo's roof trying to smell ether. Another crawled on all fours sniffing the door jamb for ether.

"There we were, with explosive and dangerous chemicals in a condo complex". We were unable to get sufficient probable cause to remove the laboratory. At the time, the only hope we had was the smell of ether, which is used in the final phase of production," D'Ulisse explained. "I was standing by the window sniffing for

ether. None of us could smell anything, so three agents remained behind."

A few hours later, a neighbor in the complex detected ether: The smell was overpowering. Fearing an explosion, agents started evacuating residents. "Now the smell was so overwhelming, the agent headed toward [Caldwell's] apartment and started to kick open the door," D'Ulisse said.

At that moment, Caldwell detonated his lab - he escaped.

Seven months later, in June 1985, observation on the RJM outlet identified one of Calwell's partners. But while inside the store, the associate received a phone call tipping him off to DEA surveillance outside, so he left empty-handed.

The DEA tracked Caldwell to a rented house in Alpine, a rural community 30 miles east of San Diego. After being surrounded, he again blew up his meth lab and escaped into early morning darkness. Caldwell later committed suicide at a law enforcement roadblock.

Group 4 agents were working harder than ever, but making no progress. Their old methods weren't working, while the ephedrine meth-production process spread



Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas Ferraro — lead prosecutor in the Triple Neck case — credits multi-agency cooperation fostered by the Triple Neck effort with the ensuing marked reduction of meth lab activities in San Diego.



Heart attack powder — bucket of "crystal meth" seized by agents during Triple Neck sweep. Street value of meth in 1989 was \$9,000 per pound.

TALKIN' GNARLY HARLEY WITH "THE MAN"

The key man behind the successful Triple Neck Scientific undercover sting operation was a big, burly, bearded agent for California's Bureau of Narcotic Enforcement who worked behind the counter — he walked, talked and looked like an outlaw biker. In this rale, the agent dealt chemicals and equipment used to make the illegal stimulant methamphetamine. Officials from the BNE have asked that this agent's name not be used; for purposes of clarity we will refer to him as "Chuck."

Chuck owned a kick-starting 1979 Harley-Davidson Low Rider motorcycle. He was fascinated with the Americanbuilt machines and could speak "Gnarly Harley" with any bikers who



operative who served as Triple Neck's outlaw biker shopkeeper.

entered the storefront. Drawing upon his Marine Corps background, Chuck could also talk knowledgeably about martial arts or any weapons customers might discuss. Unknown to the patrons, however, was the fact that Chuck concealed a 15-round Glock 9mm semiautomatic pistol on his person at all times.

From June 1988 through January 1989, more than 1,700 people entered the store and talked to the long-haired bear of a man who usually wore black Harley-Davidson caps and T-shirts, blue jeans and black boots. He negotiated all transactions, including trading chemicals for weapons.

No one made fun of the earring he wore, either.

One outlaw liked Chuck's style so much that he invited the agent to join a motorcycle gang — an invitation that was politely declined. Other bikers invited him to parties and beer bashes, which he avoided by "telling them I had to take care of my Harley and my old lady. They could relate to that," Chuck recalled in a recent interview with Soldier Of Fortune.

To hundreds of Triple Neck customers, the shopkeeper appeared to share their concerns about the intricacies of making methamphetamine and avoiding "the man." But in fact "the man" was Chuck, undercover.

After completing a BNE academy, Chuck had previously worked two months undercover gaining street experience in Imperial Valley, east of San Diego County, before he began his biker role.

At Triple Neck, Chuck convinced customers they could talk freely about criminal activities they engaged in, such as trading guns for drugs or manufacturing methamphetamine. What the customers didn't notice were the hidden cameras recording their words and actions: One camera was positioned behind the counter, another was in the back room, while a third continuously scanned the parking lot.

All these cameras were linked to a command post a short distance away in the same business complex. More than 200 videocassettes were used to record suspects that entered or hovered around Triple Neck Scientific.

In the small back room where Chuck negatiated many sales or drug transactions there was a direct telephone line to the command past. There were days when he would use that phone more than 100 times, calling in license plate numbers, gun numbers or other pertinent information he had gathered from the suspects.

"The pressure he was under, most of us couldn't handle," noted BNE Supervisory Agent Pete Mouriski, Chuck's direct superior in the command post. "It was intense – he was out there by himself. If anything went wrong in there, he'd have to handle it himself by the time we could respond to it."

Many customers had prior criminal convictions; on numerous occasions they entered the store armed with assault rifles, submachine guns or explosives — one guy walked in with 150 feet of detonation cord.

There were no incidents where anyone pulled a weapon

on him, but Chuck had to stay on his toes. Mouriski pointed out how the pressure was intensified since many customers used methamphetamine, which heightened their paranoia. For example, most patrons avoided signing sales receipts. If they did, they usually put down a first name only, "often a bogus name at that," he said.

Customers often arrived in rented or borrowed cars. "Sometimes it took us months to identify the players we were dealing with," Chuck said. "We gave them nicknames so we'd know who they were, like 'Flatbed Ron' or 'Oceanside Bob.' Often the nickname would stick after we knew their real name."

Conversely, Chuck often used a patron's paranoia to gain his confidence. On more than one occasion, an armed customer would walk into the storefront and ask the undercover agent if he was a cop. "I'd turn that around on them and say, 'Hey man, how do I know you're not a cop? How do I know you're not wearing a wire?' And I'd go up and pat them down," Chuck said.

This brash tactic usually worked; a spooked customer would often start "giving me a list of criminal references, like who he knew or who he cooked meth for or, in some cases, the customer would simply give me some meth as a gesture of goodwill," Chuck noted.

On one occasion, a customer demanded to pat Chuck down. When he did, he touched the agent's wireless transmitter, positioned over the small of his back. "I almost died," Chuck recalled. When the edgy customer asked what the metal object was, he calmly replied, "It's my gun, man."

The customer bought this explanation and then purchased materials to make methamphetamine. As always, the close encounter was recorded on videotape and later played in court.

Encounters like this meant that every day, every minute in Triple Neck Scientific, Chuck had to be on guard, worrying not only about what he said, but how he said it. " ... I feigned relaxation, affability to gather evidence against them. I let them explain their intent."

More than once, while examining a weapon offered by a customer, the agent would turn toward the hidden camera and start reading serial numbers, "so the guys in the CP [command post] could run the serial numbers to determine if it was stolen or not."

Back at the CP, a federal agent from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms would run the serial number through a federal computer to determine if the weapon was stolen.

When Chuck dealt with the more paranoid customers, he would memorize a weapon's serial number, then go to the back room and call the CP with it while the customer remained by the counter. "I could never truly relax in there, because of the low-life clientele," Chuck said, adding how "the hardest part for me was going from the clean-cut guy to a scuzzo."

For more than 15 years, the officer was a straight-arrow, no-nonsense Southern California cop who worked every police detail, from uniformed patrol to vice and homicide. Also, his walk and manner exuded the quiet confidence gained from martial arts practice since childhood and seven proud years in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Chuck had his hair cut every two or three weeks throughout those years on the police force; after joining BNE, he didn't cut his hair or shave for more than a year. "Some of my neighbors were wondering if I was going through some sort of a mid-life crisis, gaing from a Jack Armstrong-type guy to a long-hair biker type ... all these years I've been a clean-cut guy with a disdain for people with long hair. Now I am one," he reflected.

"He grew into the role ... after he was there for a while and you listened to him [on TV monitors in the command post], he could 'Gnarly Harley' – he put those paranoid people at ease and had them spilling their guts," noted DEA agent Ronald D'Ulisse.

Chuck wouldn't mess with straight people: "If there ever was a doubt about a person's intent, I'd tell him to get out of the store. My job wasn't to coerce them. I never pushed a guy to the point of entrapment ... the large majority of people who entered Triple Neck did so with a predisposition to make meth."

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like wildfire. Still, the number of San Diego meth labs seized and shut down was increasing at an unprecedented rate - the highest in the country. By November 1985 more than 50 labs had been seized in San Diego County.

By the mid-1980s, the DEA knew that a principal key to the meth problem involved the rogue chemical companies selling any ingredients to anyone, usually for cash. In May 1985, D'Ulisse and fellow Group 4 agent John Zajac submitted the original paperwork for a sting operation to DEA headquarters in Washington, D.C., a site known as "the Puzzle Palace."

"We had to jump through a lot of internal hoops to get approval," D'Ulisse said. The wait for authorization dragged on: "We asked, 'what's going on here?' It was the equivalent of while Rome was burning - San Diego in this case - they were fiddling in Washington."

Impatient with headquarters, Zajac and D'Ulisse asked a retired DEA agent to open a small chemical business, but he declined. "We were convinced this was the way to go. We had \$5,000 between us. We told our wives we'd put them in the business," D'Ulisse said. "They went sideways on us — but we were that desperate."

By the end of 1985, the three major rogue chemical outlets in San Diego were RJM, Quantum and the Ark Distributing Co. Meanwhile, Zajac and D'Ulisse ran into another snag: Federal regulations made the cost of running a traditional sting operation prohibitive. The DEA office in San Diego could not afford to bankroll a traditional government sting operation with agents working in the storefront.

For example, if the DEA spent \$100 for a pound of chemicals to sell in the storefront, the cost would come out of DEA's operating budget. If that pound were sold for \$300, the \$300 would have to be turned over to the government.

Then Zajac learned about a citizen willing to set up a business in cooperation with the DEA. This individual had worked on another storefront sting operation. Perhaps this was the solution.

Tough Competition

The first Triple Neck Scientific storefront operation in Santee was a failure. "What we didn't realize was how good a reputation the rogue chemical companies had within criminal circles," D'Ulisse explained. "We knew there were dozens and dozens of cases like Caldwell's. Under the law, however, we couldn't get search warrants based on our instincts. We needed specific details — what did they buy? What combination of chemicals did they buy? What lab equipment? This is what is necessary to establish probable cause to get a search warrant issued."

In April 1986 the agents citizen collaborator was operating the Triple Neck outlet on his own. The Group 4 team thought they



Storefront of Triple Neck Scientific, in Kearny Mesa section of northeast San Diego. Inconspicuous location and great acting by undercover agent helped nab more than 100 methamphetamine "cookers."

AN ORDINARY DAY AT TRIPLE NECK SCIENTIFIC

A 16-year-old boy and his 10-year-old sister strut into the small Kearny Mesa supply house in northeast San Diego. They've got mom's shopping list and flash \$1,000 in cash. "Get your parents," instructs the storekeeper, a BNE agent known here as "Chuck."

Later, mom wolks in saying she needs the ingredients to fill out a recipe. She slips the salesman a small plastic bag: it holds methamphetamine. Mom tells the agent to keep the change.

Her son needs chemicals to make meth, the woman says, warming up. Next, she boasts that her son is a better cook than his parents. "Like father, like son," mom laughs. She mentians to Chuck how she once traded a 320 BMW auto for 3 ounces of meth.

The teenager really likes cars. Mom says the boy wants his own Lamborghini when he turns 18.

Drug enforcement agents say these family members were like most of the 500 people who patronized Triple Neck Scientific. Other customers on the same day included:

• A retired pharmacist who tried to trade a number of 4-foot elephant tusks and 55 pounds of alligator hides for chemicals to make methamphetamine. Chuck turned him down saying, "We don't do elephant tusks here."

• An ex-con who said he needed to make and sell methamphetamine because he needed some fast cash — he had just been released from jail from Arizona where he had been "busted" for methamphetamine trafficking.

• A registered nurse who entered the store wearing a T-shirt with the slogan "Better Living Thru Chemistry." Authorities said she bought supplies from Triple Neck and boasted about using meth.

• A man who described himself as a Neighborhood Watch captain bragged about how the position allowed him to hide his illegal activities. (A few months later, agents raided his house and he and his wife were arrested on methamphetamine producing charges.)

• A murder suspect from Chula Vista was identified from photographs and intelligence gathered at the storefront. The suspect remains a fugitive.

- I. S.

would go operational there by the end of 1986, or at the latest, 1987 - "after we shut down the other rogue chemical companies. We honestly believed the other companies would be out of business and we could go fully operational by not later than 1987," D'Ulisse said.

However, it would not be until summer 1988 that the DEA could finally shut down the rogue companies. While Triple Neck Scientific floundered, the meth problem exploded. In 1986 agents shut down 120 meth labs in San Diego County alone. The total increased by more than 50% the following year, to 187 lab busts. But meth was flooding Southern California.

A single rogue chemical supply sold more than 54,000 pounds of ephedrine between June 1982 and August 1987. A pound of meth sold for \$19,000 in 1985. A year later its price had dropped to \$15,000. By 1989 a pound cost \$9,000, according to DEA agents.

Throughout 1986 and much of the following year, the Triple Neck storefront failed to make either a competitive or a legal impact on the rogue outlets. Yet some citizens' information gathered there led to a few lab seizures in San Diego and as far away as Florida.

The government ran the store that was owned by the unidentified

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Foreign volunteers who fought for Croatia in her struggle against Serbian aggression were known as "Internationals." What follows is an account of the misadventures of one Yankee International, myself. Noms de guerre have been employed to protect the innocent, the guilty and the downright silly.

In the fall of 1991, I linked up with a rather mysterious Dutch organization I'll call NKW (its acronym) that was recruiting men to fight for Croatia. After hearing about them on Cable News Network, I had made a few phone calls and had gotten accepted. So I packed up the tools of the trade and headed for the airport.

Why did this 'Nam vet want to return to battle, you ask? Well, the initiated will understand. As for the "Where have all the flowers gone?" crowd, they don't care for my sort and the feeling is entirely mutual. I don't give a cosmic damn if they like me or not.

Anyhow, I didn't see much chance of landing a straight gig just then. Times were tough in New Jersey — the Mafia was laying off judges while pimps were driving Volkswagens.

I was met at the Amsterdam airport by NKW organizers. A few days later, two Dutch volunteers and I departed for Croatia in a van. The next evening we arrived in Zagreb about midnight and were met by two likely looking fellows decked out in camouflage, berets and combloc sidearms.



One was Croatian and the other was the Dutch combat leader of the NKW, "Wild Bill." Swaggering up to me gunfighter-style, Wild Bill asked in English, "Are you the American?"

"Yup," I replied.

"Are you a Vietnam veteran?"

"Yup," I replied again with my usual hillbilly eloquence.

Wild Bill's eyes beamed up to the size of searchlights. He commenced to wave his arms about with all the grace of a monkey fornicating a football and yelling, "I don't want no cowboys or Rambos in my outfit - just normal guys! No cowboys - no Rambos! No cowboys - no Rambos!"

Being a Vietnam veteran, I'm accustomed to this sort of reaction. Thanks to the baloney sandwiches served up by Hollywood, we've gained a reputation that would make the Waffen SS puke.

Wild Bill and the Croat un-assed an old black Opel with upwards of a dozen bullet holes in its body and windshield courtesy of the Yugo army — and we followed them in the van to a shabby bar; a real back-to-the-wall merc hangout, where we upended a few local brews. Yup, I was home. The Croat's name was Evisa. As scout and interpreter for the Dutch group, Evisa was in his early 30s and spoke a little broken English. Physically he looked rather wimpy, like a waiter in a cheap Italian restaurant. His eyes, however, were the real clue to what kind of guy he was. They radiated courage, humble self-confidence, depth of character and open, unfeigned friendliness toward all -a depth of character than can only come from countless generations of peasant ancestors. There wasn't an ounce of swagger or bullshit in him, as opposed to Wild Bill. Of all the guys I bumped into in Croatia, I came to respect Evisa the most - both as a man and as a soldier.

Later, I was to find out that Evisa's parents had been "ethnically cleansed" by the *Chetniks* (Serb irregulars). The Chetniks cut the old folks' throats, threw the bodies into the couple's own house and Zippoed it up — charming fellows! Needless to say, this gave Evisa something of an attitude problem.

We soon left the bar for Evisa's house, where his wife graciously served us cold cuts with liquor that would rot the hide off a buffalo. It was *rakija*, the piss-colored national drink made warped into some Waffen SS unit. Mostly they were blue-eyed blondes, and the constant jabbering in Dutch sounded German to me.

The base itself was about two blocks long. Most buildings had broken windows and were pockmarked with bullet holes acquired at the start of the war, when the Croats hosed them with smallarms fire from the cemetery, located most symbolically across the street. The Yugo army garrison (about 60 soldiers) had thrown their gats down and their hands up. When the Yugo army commander realized he had surrendered to only 20 ragged Croats armed mostly with homemade shotguns, he committed suicide with his pistol. I assure you, gentle reader, that even if I'd been caught by a farmer in his sheep pen with my pants down, I would not have been *that* embarrassed.

Perusic was a one-horse town, or rather had been 'til some contemptible swine ate the horse. The population was around 2,000 and the main drag was three blocks long — the kind of place where they roll up the sidewalks at sunset. About half of the people had fled; some shops were open and some boarded up. Most buildings had gaping holes half-clogged with blown snow

> these gave Perusic the depressing aspect of a mini-Stalingrad.

The Serbs were a few klicks away across no-man's-land, just on the other side of a range of low, snow-covered hills to the east. Most were lightly armed Chetniks, Serbs who lived in Croatia and had formed themselves into guerrilla bands at the war's outbreak. The rest were regular Yugo-army studs equipped with the usual heavy weapons: tanks, arty and other cheerful stuff. These were punctual fellows who

Far Left: Contingent of Dutch Dirty Dozen, plus one Yank, dressed in snow smocks and assembled for recon patrol; author is second from right. Left: On front near Gospic, a Croat "regular" mans Yugoslav 82mm M60 recoilless gun. Enemy Serb tanks are approximately 2km away.



THE JACKASS

Dutch Dirty Dozen Decommissioned In Croatia

Text & Photos by Tom Chittum

from plums, of which I was to become uncommonly fond.

The next morning we set off for Perusic, arriving about midnight. We pulled up to a large iron gate outside a cluster of barracks surrounded by a chain link fence. The Perusic military base was to be my home for the next three months. Did I say home? "Lunatic asylum" would be more like it — except the inmates were running the joint. They all had assault rifles and were usually roaring drunk in the bargain. I never saw any rust on the Dutchies; they were always well-oiled.

We entered one of the barracks and a squad of young Dutch guys in camo greeted us with smiles, backslaps and bottles of rotgut brandy. My immediate impression: I had been timeusually lobbed a few gratuitous rounds into the base and into Perusic itself at 1600 sharp. The Croats would crank the air raid siren up to a shriek. We simply hunkered in the barracks when shelled. The walls were made of reinforced concrete several inches thick and would stop anything except direct hits.

Windmill Whackos Roll Call

I was the only non-Dutch citizen among the Dutch volunteers, who were employed primarily as a recon group. Guys came and went, but the average strength of the 1st Dutch Volunteers (the unit's official name) was about a dozen. They all spoke English and were as jolly a crew of pirates as ever set sail. If you think of the Dutch as cute and cuddly little guys, well ... read on. You would be well-advised to put them right at the top of your list of those not to be fucked with. Most would rather hear a bayoneted Serb scream than a pretty girl sing. All, with the exception of Crazy Joe, were Dutch army vets. They were:

Wild Bill: The field commander of the 1st Dutch. Wild Bill had been an NCO in the Dutch special forces, but was encouraged to leave due to a drinking problem. He was a crack shot, a born combat leader and a natural athlete. He was also a stone killer and a gun for hire who didn't give a rat's ass who the enemy was, as long as there were plenty of 'em. His resume also included desertion from the French Foreign Legion, but not before he'd seen some action in Africa where he bagged 17 restless natives, mostly just for target practice. If you don't like my opinion of Wild Bill, try the Chetniks' on for size: They buried their dead and put a price on his head.

Brains: The second-in-command of the 1st Dutch and a former NCO in the Dutch army. A good soldier whose only social transgression was constantly plotting illegal get-rich-quick schemes. Keep an eye on this shifty character: It's dollars to doughnuts that one day you'll see his mug on the front page of every Dutch newspaper ... if they

catch him.

Stormtrooper: A skinhead bully boy fresh out of the slammer for bank robbery. Basically an alimentary canal with a foghorn mouth at one end and all the instincts of a sewer rat. He made no secret of his politics, which were three goose steps to the right of Ernst Röhm, and was forever bragging about his three uncles who had fought for the Nazis on the Russian front. The rumor mill also had it he was hiding out from some unamused Amsterdam dope dealers he had ripped off at gunpoint. Not the sort of chap you'd invite to high tea with the queen, but a dead shot with an RPG and thus a handy ace in the hole worth tolerating.

Preacher: A Moluccan studying to be a monk, currently AWOL from his monastery. Obviously not playing with a full deck — admitted to me once that he was a virgin. I'm not

generally partial to four-eyed Bible thumpers, but he was a good soldier who had wasted two Serbs. Maybe that was his way of sending souls to God via the fast lane; beats me.

Joker: A clever, muscular fellow and self-admitted murderer, steroid popper, burglar, dope peddler, speed freak, con man, black marketeer, arsonist, barroom brawler, counterfeiter, paperhanger, vandal and compulsive thief with a history of assaulting police officers. Otherwise, he was a sweet guy.

Knuckles: Ex-French Foreign Legion; did a tour with the South African police. A buddy of mine, even if he did seem to be eternally on his way to the Hatter's for tea. He was ejected from the 1st Dutch for *excessive* fighting and drinking. Later, he drifted down to Bosnia and took an AK round through the neck.

Tripper: A mellow hippie, hopelessly adrift somewhere in space/time. He was shot through an arm and leg in a firefight, but came back for more. Always ready for mischief, he was a tight buddy of mine.

Romeo: A sulky malingerer whose only interests were soccer and composing passionate love letters to lady friends back in Tulip country. Another buddy of mine, he had to leave to stand trial in Holland for stabbing an Arab who rudely refused to yield his seat on a train to Romeo. (Would some kind person please send this guy the latest edition of Miss Manners' etiquette handbook ...)

Mad Max: An industrial-strength maniac with the personality

of a hyena on laughing gas. On the lam for car theft in Holland and rumored to have murdered a Croat in Dubrovnik. Another deserter from the Frog Foreign Legion — didn't like the food. Claimed to have worked as a hit-person for the Cali nose-candy cartel and for the Neapolitan Mafia, and also to have fought for the Kurds in Iraq. You could always tell when he was lying — his lips were moving. We never did find out the real name of this mysterious drifter, because he didn't have a passport or any sort of ID. He entered Croatia by cutting his way through a chain-link border fence by night. He was thrown in the *Klaverin* (military jail) for threatening me with a pistol while smoking locoweed. That's what comes of packing your pipe too tight, I suppose. We settled our differences one rakija-soaked night and became blood brothers with the assistance of an AK bayonet.

Crazy Joe: He was a man who didn't know the meaning of the word fear. Unfortunately, he didn't know the meaning of much of anything. Crazy Joe was the village idiot of the 1st Dutch, who had been rejected by the Dutch army due to a low mental score. If his IQ had been one point lower, we would have had to stick this loser in a pot and water him twice a day.

Sir Lunch-A-Lot: A 250-pound blimp reportedly on the run from the law for beating a guy half to death. He collapsed on his first patrol, was sent to a hospital and was never seen again.

Chugalug: A huge linebacker of a fellow, our demo man and a non-stop alcoholic. Needless to say, prudent soldiers took cover when he defused booby traps with his alcohol-shaky hands. A decent guy when (rarely) sober. He was expelled for going AWOL, threatening to blow up a disco with a hand grenade and for being a rummy.

Snake: A scowling psychopath; a former mentalhospital inmate and outlaw biker with a broken nose. We became mortal enemies and I hung the sucker out to dry. I reckon he'll think twice before he messes with any Yanks again.

Hans: A bored Dutch businessman who "just wanted to see what war was like." The only Dutchie not running from the law, or mentally bent, downright psychopathic, dim-witted, or actively pursuing a criminal career; also, the only Dutchie whose conduct did not necessitate an assumed name to avoid embarrassing his kin. The other Dutchies, given a choice, would rather strangle a chicken than eat an ice-cream cone. How he got past the NKW selection process is a mystery to me.

The Yank: Brain-damaged 173rd Airborne vet; ex-Africa merc; the ultimate Rambo; defender of Western Civilization; upholder of truth, justice and the American way; blah, blah, etc., etc. - you get the picture.

A neat cocktail, eh? I don't know if these mixed nuts scared the Chetniks or not, but they damn sure scared me.

Tiptoe Through The Minefield

As I noted earlier, the 1st Dutch was employed primarily as a recon unit; we ran a patrol into no-man's-land maybe every three days, searching for snipers, mapping areas, etc. Those of us not AWOL, drunk or in the Klaverin would sardine ourselves into a Land-Rover, drive to the front and kick off our diddybop by picking our way through the minefield in front of the Croat bunker line, tiptoe through the tulips-style.

The terrain comprised snow-covered hills much like America's East Coast, if you subtract a few trees and add a few boulders. We moved through no-man's-land in single file, on the alert for ambushes, enemy patrols, trip wires and all the other nasty surprises that can ruin a soldier's day. Often as not, our mission was to creep up to the Serb lines and mark their bunker locations on a map.

The Dutch had been in several firefights with the Serbs before I arrived. By then, they had killed seven Serbs while sustaining only one wounded themselves - a score they can brag on at any water hole where soldiers gather to bend elbows. I was only fired





Burned-out buildings are part of devastation in the city of Gospic, about 20 klicks from Perusic.

at twice during my 90-day "Tour of Rakija" with the 1st Dutch: once when we were sniped at without effect, and again when we attempted to make a surprise raid on the Serb lines. The surprise was entirely on us - we had to skedaddle with MG rounds snapping the tree branches over our heads. Such is war.

None of the Dutch left after those initial firefights, even though they were eligible to as foreign volunteers. I think this impressed me more than anything about the Dutchies. Many wannabe Rambos leg it home to Mama after they get their cherry popped in a real firefight and find out it ain't quite as antiseptic as the Hollywood version. Again, the initiated know. These gutsy Dutch guys went back for more, and I salute 'em for it.

The conduct of the 1st Dutch in the field was damn good. I'd rate 'em a B-plus, maybe even an A-minus, allowing a wink or two at some of their tactical indiscretions.

Their conduct off duty was another matter – certainly not best described as "Onward Christian Soldiers" – "Animal House" would be right on the money. Now, I'm a member of the David Hackworth school of military philosophy, which realistically expects soldiers to act as soldiers, not altar boys. The Dutchies, however, would give the late Pancho Villa and his *banditos* a run for their *pesos*.

Days Without Beginning ... Or End

A typical day had no beginning or end that you could focus on, as the Dutch, ever a casual lot, did not believe in reveille, duty rosters, barracks police, lights out, inspections or any such silly chickenshit. They woke whenever the previous night's hangover faded, generally around 1000.

The Dutchies always had a hot breakfast - coffee and a cigarette - followed by nothing until lunch in the mess hall at 1300. Drinking commenced immediately afterward. Beer was the juice of choice, but brandy or rakija were more common as they packed more bang for the *dinar* and were easier to smuggle past the guard at the gate.

Afternoons generally consisted of runs to the liquor store to replenish our severely taxed rakija supply, the usual GI bull sessions, or playing pranks on Crazy Joe. The favorite was loosening the joints on his bunk so it collapsed when the oxygen waster sat on it. Other torments included packing his cigarettes with match heads and gunpowder so they exploded; super-gluing his enormous "Rambo survival" knife in its sheath; tying his socks in knots; emptying out his foot powder and replacing it with flour; smearing spit on the lens of his camera to ruin his pictures; disassembling his G3 and hiding the parts, or sending him off on wild goose chases — like having him to report to the Croatian base commander to be measured for a body bag.

I used to think every living creature had a purpose in the grand scheme of things. Misers, for example, make splendid ancestors, while lions are the solution to Christians. The reason for Crazy Joe's existence, however, would baffle a Zen master.

After dinner at 1800, serious drinking commenced and there

was a party every night. Anything could happen and usually did.

One event designed to sharpen soldierly skills was drawing a nude lady on a door and commencing fire with everything from bayonets to pistols, with points awarded for hitting various anatomical features. Disassembling claymores and constructing booby traps to kill the Croatian commander were popular competitions. Smashing chairs and such was always good for a giggle; once we had to evacuate the building when Joker set the Christmas tree on fire and we were smoked out.

Sometimes the girls from the mess hall would drop by the Dutch barracks to party and often as not ran out shrieking, halfdisrobed. These festivities were always accompanied by rock 'n' roll thundering from the cassette player at max volume. Wrestling matches were another favored diversion. Bunks were demolished and the ammo locker often overturned, with hand grenades rolling out on the floor as the enthusiastic grapplers gyrated about the room.

At other times we'd turn the radio to the Serb frequency and invite them over for a homosexual orgy, complete with graphic descriptions of the delights they would encounter. All we ever got by way of reply was the repeated "fuck you" from our friends on the other side of the hills. Empty rakija bottles were routinely smashed against the walls. When sufficiently schnockered, the Dutchies pried open MG cartridges and grenades and flashed off the powder/semtex to get their jollies. Puking was not uncommon and only considered a *faux pas* if you hit somebody's bunk. Like I noted, we were a jolly bunch and I think you get the picture.

Anything not embedded in concrete, lashed down with log chains, or guarded by rabid pit bulls was judged abandoned property by the frisky Dutchies and was promptly stolen if fancied or smashed if not. Items liberated by the 1st Dutch included one



At the firing range, Dutchies demonstrate comradely feelings toward their Yankee buddy by using a crude drawing of author as a target, with points awarded for hitting his CIB and jump wings. Sniper rifle was taken from Serb no longer in need of it, due to terminal case of Dutch lead poisoning.

dog, at least two pistols, several kilograms of semtex, detonators beyond counting, a quantity of "spare" parts from automobiles, petrol siphoned from Croatian POVs, upwards of three dozen hand grenades, some claymores, sundry "souvenirs" from abandoned houses and several tasty chickens.

Bottom-Feeding Diversions

Off-base R&R featured such bottom-feeding diversions as hosing down abandoned cars with AKs, fishing with hand grenades, bar fighting, firing gats into the air bandito style, or pursuing the local jailbait disco ladies. What the Dutchies went for in the way of horizontal amusements I can only guess at, but I'm certain it would put a Turkish prison to shame.

The most damnable thing about the merry boys from Windmill Land was their inability to clear a weapon without discharging it. Every fornicating time it went the same nightmare way. Here, for your edification, is the Dutch army drill for unloading a weapon:

Continued on page 78

P. JJCKY 13 SOF CONVENDED



You gotta believe this doesn't hurt. Really. Would we kid? Did we mention you get a T-shirt just for entering? Photo: Peter Noble



SOF's Editor Publisher, Defender of the Free World, etc., ... Robert K. Brown.

Final rounds of team competition at World Championship 3-Gun Match required two team members to dismount while remainder engaged targets from back of pickup truck. Scoring was based on how quickly each team "serviced" all targets.



th N '92

by Tom Slizewski

ear-heads, gun nuts, mercs, wannabes, military buffs, competition shooters, vets from around the world, celebrities, a battalion of reporters and the odd lost and scared tourist all attended *Soldier Of Fortune*'s 13th Annual Convention in Las Vegas, Nevada, this past September.

Our first year at the Sands Hotel Casino and at the Sands Expo and Convention Center proved to be a hit among new and longtime conventioneers alike. The Sands' much larger exhibit hall allowed room for more than 500 tables and booths, exhibiting everything from firearms and military apparel of every conceivable type to videos, militaria, how-to books, combat art and survival gear — if it was of interest to SOF readers, you could find it here. As an added bonus, the Arizona Military Vehicle Collectors brought more than a dozen vehicles to exhibit at the show, giving conventioneers an upclose look at AM General's Humvee, the Soviet UAZ 1.5-ton truck, a Willys jeep mounting a 106mm recoilless rifle and a Sadler prototype A-22 counterinsurgency aircraft, among other things.

The Sands is one of the smaller and most historic hotels on "the Strip" -SOFers had booked up the majority of its rooms, making for a laid-back atmosphere of friendship and camaraderie, without the legions of bluehairs and yuppies that swamp the larger hotels and who in the past made SOFconventioneers look like camouflaged islands of sanity in a sea of glassy-eyed blackjack junkies (talk Convention regular Kitty Baran and her SOF Jump Team made a dramatic entrance prior to the Firepower Demo. They're available to jump anywhere in the world. Call (805) 581-HAWK. Photo: Peter Noble

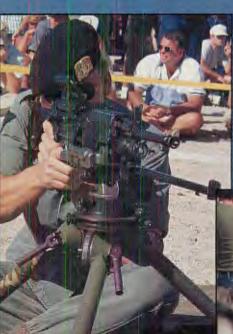


Demonstrator of Maadi-Griffin fired this single-shot .50 caliber pistol with one hand and it didn't break his arm. It did, however, warp the muzzle brake and make a very big hole downrange.



Left: Belgian conventioneer pleaded to have his photo taken posing with this FN Minimi manufactured by his countrymen. Below: Firing line at Firepower Demo grows every

year. Everything from the easily identifiable M60 and water-cooled Vickers to the rare and bizarre. Above: Top three female pugil stick competitors share a photo opportunity while crowd hums the National Anthem. Photo: Peter Noble

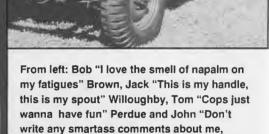






Among the last photos taken of Al Mar before his untimely death this past October. Al was a regular at *SOF* Conventions over the years and sponsored several shooting teams. He will be sorely missed.

One of numerous vehicles exhibited by the Arizona Military Vehicle Collectors was this Willys jeep mounting a 106mm recoilless rifle.



about your 1,000-yard stares ...).

Poolside parties lasted most of the nights, and no one felt it necessary to fire their pistols underwater or dye the pool green with shark repellent as in years past. Our traditional pugil stick bouts were emceed by nationally known comedian and *SOF* devotee Steve Barkley. We were glad Steve made it, since he likes to brag about being a charter member of Delta Airlines Frequent Survivor Program.

During the day, thoughts turned to "guns" — artillery, firepower, heaters, firearms — and the Desert Sportsman's Range provided plenty of them. As usual, the SOF 3-Gun Tactical Match was held there, concurrent with the Convention and open to spectators (more on the match next month).

Saturday's spotlight was on the Firepower Demo, featuring everything from standard issue to the arcane. It seems the machine-gun firing line grows every year – this year featuring pristine, working examples of the Italian Breda Model 37 MMG, the Soviet wheeled SG-43 7.62x54R MMG with gun shield, a Marlin Model 1914 "Potato Digger" and even a 6,000-round-per-minute M134 General Electric Minigun. As the photos show, no ammo, gasoline or explosives were spared during this spectacle.

Slizewski" Donovan.

The usual informative collection of hands-on participatory events, including Al Mar Knives' Great Escape competition and seminars by leading experts such as Peter Kokalis, Fred Caristo and Bob Taylor rounded out the schedule. On the final night we once again reaffirmed our commitment to liberty, justice and freedom at the SOF Awards Banquet and spent money we couldn't afford to at the Freedom Fighters' Auction (but hell, where else can you get a Yugo MiG-21 pilot's flight suit, which the former owner only gave up under extreme duress).

In these times of prepackaged, plastic vacations to (fill in the blank) Land, the SOF Convention still ranks as a one-of-a-kind, real experience. And the '93 Con shouldn't be any different. We will be back at the Sands next year and are working on putting together a barebones "Barracks" package for those who want to go on the cheap.

For an info packet on the 1993 Soldier Of Fortune Convention write: SOF Convention Info., P.O. Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306.ℜ

STANDOFF IN IDAHO: THE BANDY WEAVEB INCLOENT

BY JAMIES L. PATTE

Like some painfully perverted version of Rambo, 44-year-old Randy

Weaver's twisted tragedy was splashed across front pages of the nation's newspapers for 11 days last August. An 18-month game of peekaboo between fumbling federal agents and the defiant, racist Christian doomsayer ended in playing for keeps. Weaver's wife and young son, along with a highly respected deputy U.S. marshal who was father to two, were all shot to death.

Instead of the woods of Washington, where Rambo made his fictional debut in *First Blood*, Weaver's story is set just over the border in northern Idaho's remote Selkirk Mountains.

Story line: Former Green Beretcommando-turned-political-extremist thumbs his nose at the law, goes around the bend and heads for the hills. The governor declares a state of extreme emergency, and hundreds of heavily armed federal and state troops backed by armor and helicopters surround the protagonist.

To the Weaver story add the often volatile mixture of fanatic religion and racist politics, a love of Old Testament battle lore wherein a vengeful Lord admonishes True Believers to become "my battle-ax and weapon of war ..." — also add a loving, articulate, but equally fanatic

wife, Vicki, 42; four devoted children, aged 10 months to 16 years (the three oldest of whom regularly pack pistols), and a tall, clean-cut logger and family friend, 25year-old Kevin Lee Harris. Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.

In marches a crusty old Green Beret colonel, assuring authorities that he knows this misguided lad from their Vietnam service; after protracted, nerve-racking negotiations, this kindly colonel finally talks the fugitive into surrender and saves the day.

In a bizarre irony, the hero in Weaver's story is the self-proclaimed, real-life inspiration for Rambo. Lieutenant Colonel James "Bo" Gritz, a retired Green Beret





and Vietnam War legend, stepped between tensed trigger fingers to finally end a bloody 11-day standoff that left three dead, Harris and Randy Weaver wounded, and an entire community emotionally scarred.

But here ends any similarity between Rambo's fictional feats and Randy Weaver's rude reality.

"It was the feds [who] watched too many Rambo movies," stated Everett D. Hofmeister, Weaver's ex-lawyer, expressing the feelings of many, even those who condemned Weaver's political and religious beliefs.

Unlike Rambo, Weaver claims he sought to avoid confrontation with his alleged persecutors. In a 31 October



Responding to Gritz's statements that patriots everywhere should converge on northern Idaho, neo-Nazis started to pour into Naples. Idaho State Police and BATF agents arrested these five well-armed skinheads about three miles from Weaver's cabin. Photo: AP/Wide World

Left: Photos of Weaver cabin taken after shoot-out. Steep, heavily vegetated terrain created problems for feds. During standoff, the modest cabin was surrounded by hundreds of camouflaged agents armed with M16s and sniper rifles. Photos: James L. Pate

jailhouse interview with Soldier Of Fortune, he recalled that he left Iowa for northern Idaho because, "people were badmouthing us in newspapers, on TV, in the churches ... people said we were starting a cult, which wasn't true."

Convinced of an imminent "Great Tribulation" foretold in the Bible, a time when violence and satanic forces would be unleashed on earth before the second coming of Christ, the Weavers followed scriptural guidance instructing them to go to the mountains to survive. In 1983 they sold their house in Cedar Falls, Iowa, and moved to Idaho's Boundary County on the Canadian border; they bought 20 mountain acres overlooking spectacular panoramas of the Kootenai Valley.

In the interview at the Ada County Jail in Boise, Idaho, where Weaver and Harris are being held on charges including murder and conspiracy. Weaver compared himself not to Rambo, but to Gordon Kahl, a tax protester who became a right-wing martyr when he burned to death in a house fire set by federal agents rather than surrender on charges of killing two deputy U.S. marshals.

Weaver claims his sympathizers see his case in the same light as Kahl's. "because they hate the government ... BATF [federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms] agents wanted me to be a snitch for the government ... As far as I'm concerned, that's illegal ... but that's what they do with your tax dollars ... pay crooks big bucks to ... break the law and set up other people."

Bo Gritz doesn't see Weaver as shaped from the same mold as Gordon Kahl.

"Weaver ... is a punk," Gritz told the

Spokesman-Review of Spokane, Washington, two weeks after the standoff ended. "Weaver is no hero ... I don't think he was a very good Special Forces soldier. I wouldn't have wanted him in my command."

Gritz, a Populist Party 1992 presidential candidate and darling of right-wing extremist groups, later denied this quote. But reporter J. Todd Foster taped the interview and the *Spokesman-Review* editors stood by the story.

Despite the oft-repeated fears of federal agents, Weaver, is no Rambo. He was never in Vietnam, as Gritz initially claimed, and was never under Gritz's command at Fort Bragg - because Randy Weaver was never a Green Beret. Had federal investigators checked Weaver's military record in detail, they would have learned his commando status among friends and neighbors had become a comfortable pose for Weaver. He had never passed the Special Forces Qualification Course - an essential first step in Army commando training - much less taken any subsequent courses, such as booby traps or demolitions.

Weaver was a regular Army combat engineer assigned to a support role in a Special Forces unit; his basic duties included bridge building and other heavy construction work that occasionally involved the use of explosives. As support personnel, Weaver could wear the Green Beret — but not the full-fledged Special Forces flash insignia. Weaver and support personnel like him are known as "candy stripers" in professional parlance.

One federal agent, a veteran of special operations in Vietnam and of cases

involving right-wing extremists in the American Northwest, said after accompanying Weaver on a trip to jail in Boise that his prisoner did not strike him as commando material. "If Randy Weaver was in a Special Forces unit, then he must have been the cook," noted the agent, who asked not to be named.

Walking the ground around his cabin with even a rudimentary understanding of defensive doctrine raises questions about Weaver's tactical competence. Dominated 300 meters to the north by a much higher peak with ample rocky cover - a terrain feature readily exploited by the feds the area immediately surrounding the twostory plywood cabin is cluttered with outbuildings, woodpiles and other objects that could conceal an approach by intruders. Although the final approach to Weaver's driveway is exposed to potential fire from a rock ledge above, a defender at the cabin would have to cross almost 100 yards of clear area vulnerable to fire from the dominant hill to the north in order to get to the ledge.

Weaver's main claim to fame is that he survived the siege. His son Sammy (who had just celebrated his 14th birthday) and his wife Vicki did not. Nor did William F. Degan, 42, a highly decorated deputy U.S. marshal and member of the federal marshal service's Special Operations Group, or SOG.

Weaver was "very weak," according to Gritz, who showed up midway through the standoff, belatedly responding to a request from Weaver passed through a friend in Spokane weeks before the shootings occurred. "But Weaver is an American, and Weaver is a citizen, and Weaver is a human being, which means Weaver should have ... rights. And these [rights] were violated," Gritz said.

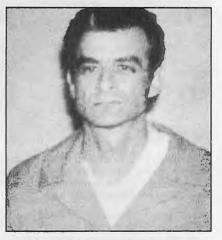
BATF Blackmail

Weaver's battle with authority in general and the federal government in particular will resume in U.S. District Court in Boise in February. The stakes are much higher than when he was initially arrested in January 1991; he was then charged with selling two sawed-off shotguns to a BATF informant in 1989.

Weaver claims the BATF framed him on the gun charges in an attempt to recruit him as an informant against the Aryan Nations racist group, based nearby. Weaver had attended this group's gatherings with his son Sammy on a few occasions.

Vicki Weaver convinced her husband not to appear in court on the gun charges in February 1991. A judge subsequently ordered the U.S. Marshal Service to arrest Weaver and bring him in for trial. Under federal sentencing guidelines, if Weaver had appeared in court when scheduled and had been convicted, he likely would have been sentenced to a prison term ranging from a few weeks to a few months; at that time he had no criminal record. Now, Weaver and Harris face potential death penalties.

Harris is accused of fatally shooting Degan, the tactical leader of a bungled surveillance operation on Weaver's property. Charged as an accessory in Degan's death, Weaver is also accused of trying to shoot another marshal who



Mug shot taken when Weaver was first arrested for selling illegal shotguns to a BATF informant. Photo: AP Wide World

accompanied Degan, and of conspiring for almost a decade with his wife to provoke a violent confrontation with federal agents. One problem in Weaver's case is that for 10 years he talked publicly of building a remote mountain "compound" with a "defense plan" that included a 300-yard "kill zone," all in anticipation of an assault by the federal government. A 1983 article from an Iowa newspaper detailing his apocalyptic plans is part of the prosecution's evidence.

Randy and Vicki Weaver had subsequently filed affidavits and had sent defiant letters to federal officials and newspapers, all couched in the language of religious self-righteousness. These alleged plots by government agents and others to frame Weaver on criminal charges, even to kill his family. Several times in the months before the siege began, the couple said they would rather die than surrender. They demanded that the gun charges be dropped and that Boundary County Sheriff Bruce Whittaker publicly apologize for labeling Randy "paranoid and dangerous."

Were Weaver's fears based on truth, as supporters who point to the ultimate bloody outcome like to argue? Or were his beliefs mere paranoid rantings, the psychic foundation for an apocalyptic prophecy of self-fulfilling doom?

The shooting deaths of Bill Degan and Sammy Weaver were the culmination of 18 months in which deputy marshals had snuck around the woods near Weaver's cabin hoping to catch him alone, or trying to trick him away from the house. In one of the incident's most tragic ironies, the feds repeatedly said that they never approached Weaver directly because of his supposed commando skills and a fear that his family members might be harmed.

The fears of the feds and those of the Weavers coagulated into a bloody tragedy above Ruby Creek the morning of 21 August 1992.

Roots Of Fanaticism

The trail of Randy and Vicki Weaver's lives that led them to that fateful place and time in the pristine beauty of Idaho's Kootenai Valley began on flat corn farms of central Iowa. Like their rural Midwestern neighbors. Randy's family held strong Christian beliefs, but nothing radical.

After graduating from high school in 1966, Randy left his hometown of Jefferson and moved 35 miles north to Fort Dodge. In October 1968 he enlisted in the U.S. Army with hopes of qualifying for Special Forces and going to Vietnam. But he spent most of his hitch at Fort Bragg and returned to Iowa in 1971, almost three years to the day after his enlistment. In November that year, he and Vicki married.

Disillusioned by his inability to serve in Vietnam, Randy got a job as a mechanic for the John Deere factory and settled into middle-class life. He sold Amway products and attended church regularly.

Carolee Flynn and her husband moved across the street in 1979. They found the Weavers to be "common, ordinary people ... good neighbors, helpful to everybody around here," Flynn recalled in a telephone interview. "They were quite religious. They started out with the Baptist church, then went to other churches and ended up on their own," due in large part to Randy's strong disagreements with the pastors about scriptural interpretation.

"He felt all organized churches sold out," recalled Michael Roethler, a Cedar Falls policeman who became a family friend. He met Randy in 1980 during one of Weaver's regular religious coffee klatches in a local Sambo's restaurant. Roethler and his wife joined others meeting at the Weaver home to read the Bible and debate scriptures.

One Crazy S.O.B.

Randy "called it witnessing," Mrs. Flynn said. "We call 'em holy rollers around here. He'd talk about the end of the world coming and how things were going to be ... I didn't laugh at him ... we called him crazy. My husband said, 'That's one crazy son of a bitch."

Randy's reputation as a religious rabble-rouser grew as his theology leaned toward a little-known sect called Christian Identity. In its late-20th century form, many — not all — Christian Identity members are racist and anti-Semitic. They believe that European whites, as supposed



Former presidential candidate James "Bo" Gritz accompanies Randy Weaver's stretcher to a medical tent at the Ruby Creek command compound shortly after the standoff ended. Photo: *Kootenai Valley Times*

descendants of Israel's lost tribes, are the real chosen people of "Yahweh," or God, and today's Jews are actually pretenders to the claim.

Asked by SOF to describe his religion. Weaver called himself a "Saxon Israelite ... but people can call me anything they want. Because 1 will speak the truth and they won't stop me."

That defiance mirrored sentiments expressed to Iowa reporter Dan Dundon of the *Waterloo Courier*, who interviewed the Weavers and published a story on 9 January 1983. The article ultimately became a key piece of evidence in the Justice Department's charge that Weaver and his wife conspired nine years to have a violent confrontation with federal agents.

"The ones who seek the truth will accept us, the ones who do not want the truth will call us crazy," Weaver told Dundon, claiming he had been falsely accused of stockpiling guns "for a planned confrontation with authorities." He then went on to describe his preparations for the martial law he believed ordained by biblical prophecy.

Vicki Weaver concluded by expressing her belief that God "has told us we must pull up our roots and leave. I don't want to leave my home, but if we are obedient He will protect our children."

High school pal and Jefferson police Sergeant Wayne Helms remembers Randy's talk of moving to Idaho when they last saw each other at a school reunion, but another point in that long discussion with Weaver sticks in his mind.

"There was some good-natured kidding going on between some of the guys who'd gone in the military," Helms recalled. "Randy kind of shut the conversation up. It was all going back and forth when he said, 'Well, I'll tell you what ... I don't think any of you have balls enough to crawl in a tunnel and rout VC with a .45 and a flashlight."

"That kind of ended the conversation." Helms continued. "The impression I got from him was that he was a tunnel rat in Vietnam ... I asked him, 'You were a tunnel rat? He said, 'That was my job. That's what I was trained for ... I don't even want to talk about it.' "

Nazi Armbands

Soon after arriving in Idaho, Randy had a conversation with Ruth Rau, his closest neighbor, who lived with her husband and children about a mile below the knoll on which the Weavers would build their cabin.

"My first impression of Randy was his obsession with the idea of having a shootout with the feds," Ruth said in a letter printed in the 12 May Bonner County Daily Bee. "It was all he could talk about and he chose his property accordingly. I can't help but think that he has consciously or unconsciously tried to make this sick fantasy come true."

At first northern Idaho seemed like a promised land to Randy and Vicki Weaver. Land was relatively cheap. There were plenty of like-minded neighbors; people who mistrusted the government and believed in massive global conspiracies orchestrated by banks and news media, and allegedly controlled by wealthy Jewish families. These people commonly refer to the government as "ZOG," or the Zionist Occupation Government.

But the Weavers' relationship with the Rau family deteriorated after a couple years, Ruth said, mainly because the Raus did not share the Weaver's Christian Identity beliefs. The Raus became objects of "torment and harassment from the Weavers and their friends ... Their children used to march back and forth by our house wearing army jackets with Nazi armbands, carrying guns, shouting white power slogans and doing the Hitler salute."

One of the first people the Weavers met was a fresh-faced 16-year-old with blue eyes named Kevin Lee Harris. This tall, lanky lad had moved to Idaho at age 10 to live with family friends because of problems with his stepfather. Harris spent more time living at the Weaver cabin than anywhere else. "It was my home," he recalled. Although he had Jewish and black friends while growing up in Spokane, he gradually came to share Randy and Vicki's Christian Identity beliefs.

"I believe in creation, not evolution," Harris said. "The races were created separate and distinct from each other. I think it's pretty obvious. I can't see why He would create them differently if He wanted them mixed."

Life in Idaho seemed idyllic. Sara, the Weavers' eldest child, planted vegetable and flower gardens on both sides of the mountain knoll. There were chickens, three dogs and a parakeet. A spring-fed well provided water, a generator powered the television and other appliances. Stacks of canned food and supplies lined the walls of an upstairs deck. There was a library of a few hundred volumes — Vicki homeschooled her children.

Yet trouble apparently lurked in Randy's paradise. On 28 February 1985, less than two years after their arrival, Randy and Vicki filed an affidavit at the Boundary County Courthouse making official their belief that "our physical lives [are] ... in jeopardy. We are the parents of three small children whose lives are also in danger.

"We are the victims of a smear campaign ... against us to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the United States Secret Service by some local residents," the affidavit states, listing the names of alleged perpetrators aalong with those of county and federal lawmen with whom they said they discussed their fears. "I make legal and official notice that I believe I may have to defend myself and my family from a physical attack on my life." The conclusion is oddly prescient: "My accusers set me up as a criminal member of Aryan Nations. They accused me of having illegal weapons ... My accusers hoped that the F.B.I. would 'rush' my home with armed agents, hoping I would feel the need to defend myself ... Fortunately, bad weather ... witnesses to this plot and our God, the Lord Jesus Messiah, King of Israel, prevented a disaster."

Yet Weaver was not totally withdrawn on his mountaintop. In 1988, he ran for sheriff as a Republican, promising to enforce only the laws people wanted enforced. He passed out cards saying "Vote Weaver for Sheriff." The other side read: "Get Out of Jail – Free." Weaver lost in the local GOP primary that May with 102 votes.

Only a year or so later, according to federal charges. Weaver sold an H&R 12gauge shotgun and a Remington 12-gauge pump to a BATF informant. The H&R had a legal barrel length, but allegedly illegal overall length. The Remington barrel was 12.75 inches - 5.25 inches too short under federal law.

Weaver said he was first confronted with the allegation at a friend's house on 12 June 1990 when two BATF agents in a U.S. Forest Service truck told him they had tape-recorded him in an illegal gun transaction and that his truck and property could be seized if he did not work for them as an informant against Aryan Nations.

That night. Vicki wrote a letter to Aryan Nations outlining BATF's solicitation of her husband, addressing it: "To all our brethren of the Anglo-Saxon race ... Randy and I and the children are ready to stand

for the truth and our freedom. We cannot make deals with the enemy. This is a war against the White Sons of Isaac. Yahweh our Yashua is our saviour and king ... If we are not free to obey the laws of Yahweh, we may as well be dead! ... On 17 January 1991, Randy and Vicki were arrested at a bridge on their way into Naples, five miles away. A pickup with a camper top was parked in the middle of the bridge. a man and woman leaning under the

U. S. Army M113 armored personnel

cariers as well as Huey helicopters and other air assets were used by the feds during the Idaho standoff. A heavyhanded reaction against a citizen initially only wanted for selling two shotguns under legal length? Photo: AP/Wide World

truck's raised hood. When Randy stepped up to help, the man put a pistol to his head as the woman grabbed Vicki. The Weavers were handcuffed and taken before a federal magistrate in Coeur d'Alene, where Vicki was released and Randy was jailed for the night.

Because Weaver had no criminal record, he was later allowed to sign a \$10,000 property bond and leave. "You'll never fool me again." he vowed to agents as he left. When he missed his 19 February court date. deputy marshals were ordered to bring him in.

Thus began 18 months of stealthy and not-so-stealthy surveillance. Randy became a local celebrity of sorts for thumbing his nose at the feds in newspaper articles. Marshals said they were content to wait. The Weavers knew they were being watched from the woods around their home.

A year later, in March 1992, control of the Weaver arrest mission switched from the U.S. Marshal Service's northern Idaho office to its headquarters in Arlington,

Virginia. Attorney General William Barr reportedly reviewed the case. Deputy Marshal Arthur T. Roderick Jr., a member of the service's SOG, was sent out from headquarters to take command.

The stage was set for tragedy. If Randy believed that bad weather had helped avert tragedy in 1985, it got there too late to do any good on 21 August 1992. The predawn balminess above Ruby Creek promised a clear, hot day. By nightfall, two marshals would be lying in the dark next to the body of their buddy, scared and wet from a bone-chilling rain, finally to be rescued by an Idaho State Police SWAT team.

A six-man SOG reconnaissance mission led by Roderick decided among themselves not to wear their hot, cumbersome body armor. Camouflaged from head to foot and wearing Alice packs, they carried still cameras and 8mm motion-picture gear, surveillance electronics, secure-voice radios and night-vision headsets. They

were armed with M16s and a soundsuppressed 9mm submachine gun. All six wore pistols; none had a search or arrest warrant.

They divided into two three-man teams. One would provide long-range observation on the cabin while the other, led by

Roderick, would probe the densely wooded, steep hills below the dwelling. Roderick, 36, had joined the marshal service in March 1983 after serving three years as an

Army MP and three years as a police officer in Brewster, Massachusetts. Six months later, he entered a two-week course to qualify for the SOG. Until 21 August he had never fired a weapon, or been fired upon, in the line of duty.

Roderick's stated purpose that day was to familiarize the two other members of his team - William Degan and Larry T. Cooper - with the area around Weaver's cabin. Roderick said he'd been up there at least 24 times since March. Having failed to fool Weaver with a ruse of interested real estate buyers wanting Weaver to show them his property lines, the plan now was to move an undercover agent onto adjacent land and gradually win Weaver's confidence.

Between 1030 and 1100 hours, while the other three SOG members took pictures from the north peak and monitored the movement of family members. Roderick's team probed the woods below Weaver's cabin. As they were about to leave, the family's yellow Labrador retriever, Striker, apparently picked up the marshals' scents. Barking, Striker ran downhill into the woods.

Thinking Striker might have scented a deer, Harris and Samuel Weaver grabbed their rifles and followed downhill after the dog. Randy Weaver said he headed around the other side of the knoll, armed with a shotgun.

Not wanting a confrontation, Roderick, Degan and Cooper tried to run away. They decided that Cooper, armed with the soundsuppressed 9mm submachine gun, should shoot the dog, which would help them escape undetected. But as Striker caught up to them, with Sammy Weaver and Harris only 50 to 75 yards behind, Cooper chose not to fire. He decided the dog was not a threat and, at that point, shooting it would not have prevented their detection.

Why Roderick, whose M16 had no sound-suppression device, chose to shoot the dog remains a mystery.

Accidental Tragedy

Kevin and Sammy walked almost past Degan and Cooper before being startled by their sudden emergence from the heavy brush. All three were wearing camouflage face paint and camo clothing, and they carried automatic weapons.

Harris later said the firefight started when Roderick rose and shot the dog. An autopsy indicates Striker was not attacking. The dog, which had passed all three marshals, yelped and then died after taking a .223 round in the rear that shattered its spine.

According to Deputy U.S. Marshal Jack Cluff, who was not there when the shooting occurred, Degan then stood and identified himself, but "Harris took an immediate off-balance shot and the bullet struck Degan in the chest, killing him."

Roderick and Cooper claimed the firefight started with Harris shooting Degan; Cluff's account suggests that Roderick and Cooper might have panicked.

"The other marshals dove into a natural depression in the ground and [Sammy Weaver and Harris] began to fire," Cluff told The Salt Lake Tribune in an interview published 5 September. Deputy marshals Cooper and Roderick then "held their guns overhead and cranked off rounds blindly in front of them. Presumably, Samuel Weaver was killed in the exchange."

Harris' account differs from Cluff's. Harris told federal agents he did not shoot Degan until after Sammy was shot.

According to Harris, Sammy fired two rounds at the marshals in anger after seeing his dog killed, then turned and ran toward the cabin where his father, alarmed by the gunshots, was shouting for his son and Harris to come home.

"I'm coming, dad!" Sammy had yelled, according to Harris. The youth had taken a few steps when gunfire nearly took one arm off. A second round hit Sammy in the back. He stumbled a few more steps and



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Sarah Brady, Leader of Handgun Control Inc.

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Giving

All while violent

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New laws banning and restricting your d ammo clips

bureaucrats power

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Contributions and payments to the NRA are not deductible as charitable deductions for federal income tax purposes. * The transaction fee for cash advances is \$3.00; the late-payment fee is \$15.00; the over-credit fee is \$15.00. The annual percentage rate for all cash advances except balance-transfer checks is 18.9%. fell dead. Harris said it was then that he took an off-balance shot at the marshals and "hit one of the sons of bitches."

Almost simultaneous to the firefight, Roderick said he saw Randy Weaver up an adjacent logging road and ordered him to freeze. something Weaver later confirmed.

Roderick said a shot fired by Weaver creased his stomach. Weaver later said he did not fire a shot at Roderick, but was running back toward his house firing his shotgun in the air in hopes of drawing the marshals away from his son and Harris.

New World Order Ambush

"I realized immediately that we had run smack into a ZOG/New World Order ambush," Randy wrote in the statement subsequently smuggled out of the cabin by Jackie Brown, a family friend who later helped Gritz talk Randy into surrender.

In initial statements to the FBI and in subsequent sworn testimony at preliminary hearings for Weaver and Harris, marshals Cooper and Roderick said the firefight began when Degan rose to identify himself at the same time Roderick was ordering Sammy Weaver to freeze. Harris quickly fired one round from the hip that hit Degan in mid-chest, they said. It was during the melee that followed that the dog and Sammy Weaver were killed, the pair testified.

The two marshals said they were unable to retreat because of gunfire from above. Yet most of the spent cartridges found at the scene have been linked to government weapons. Six pieces of brass were found where Degan was lying. Cooper said Degan's M16 was set for semiauto fire when Cooper picked it up.

By the next day, 300 to 400 federal and state lawmen, the Idaho State Patrol SWAT team and members of the Idaho National Guard began pouring into the tiny logging town of Naples, augmented by two M113A1 armored personnel carriers, two vintage Huey medevac choppers and a Hughes 500E surveillance helicopter belonging to the FBI. There were also two field kitchens, three deuce-and-a-half trucks. 14 Humvees, six water trailers and four field generators brought in. Intelligence included aerial photographs taken months earlier by an Air Force F-4 jet pilot.

Though there was later criticism that the feds sent in far too many men, a large number of people were required to secure the steep, heavily vegetated mountaintop terrain, crisscrossed with a maze of logging roads and game trails. The feds were more worried about infiltrators, such as the wellarmed neo-Nazi skinheads arrested while trying to sneak up to the Weaver cabin.

About 30 nearby residents were forcibly evicted, some at gunpoint. The feds barricaded the bridge over Ruby Creek that leads to a jolting, one-lane dirt road zigzagging steeply up to the Weaver cabin.

SNOOPING & POOPING & PLAYING RAMBO

When Randy Weaver and Kevin Harris go to trial in February on murder and conspiracy charges, their defense lawyers are sure to put government canduct on trial.

The defense team has plenty of ammunition. Something obviously went very wrong at the Weaver cabin. The U.S. Marshal Service's Special Operations Group (SOG), supposedly specialists in high-risk warrant service, lost control of the situation. The FBI's Hostage Rescue Team did not fare much better. A sniper missed a primary target, then chose in haste a moving secondary target and took a bad shot. An unintended victim – a mother with a baby in her arms – was brutally killed in front of her family.

Longtime professionals in the special operations community have begun quietly raising questions about the adequacy of training and skill and the operational competence of teams involved.

"Historically, the Marshal Service in general has been at the bottom of the federal barrel when it comes to law enforcement agencies," said one widely recognized expert who regularly works as a consultant to many of Uncle Sam's special operation teams, including the FBI's Hostage Rescue Team and the Drug Enforcement Administration.

"The Marshal Service has the lowest entry requirement," this expert told Saldier Of Fortune, asking that his name not be used. "If you want to be a federal agent and can't get in any other agencies, you apply to the Marshal Service." He added that some deputy marshals get their jobs through political patronage.

The Marshal Service SOG team, with

They threw up a sprawling command post of wall tents, satellite links, communications trailers and motor homes on the Rau's property. The Weavers' modest two-story cabin, built with mill ends and plywood, was surrounded by hundreds of camouflaged agents armed with M16s, some with sniper rifles.

More blood was soon spilled. Again, the Weavers and the government differ drastically on the sequence of events occurring at 1800 Saturday, the day after Degan and Sammy Weaver were killed.

In the FBI's version, Special Agent Lon T. Horiuchi of the bureau's Hostage Rescue Team from Quantico, Virginia, was authorized to open fire because Randy Weaver and Kevin Harris came out of the cabin with 16-year-old Sara Weaver and were about to open fire on a surveillance helicopter overhead.

Harris and Weaver said there was no helicopter, claiming they went to investigate the barking of another dog and decided to check on Sammy's body, wrapped in a sheet and laid out in a shed near the cabin. Randy said he was hit in the right armpit by a bullet as he reached up to the top of the door to unlatch the which this man has been familiar since its inception in 1971, specializes in highrisk warrant service. The most obvious problem in regard to the Weaver case was that the SOG team had no formal training for the type of rural paramilitary operation this scenario required.

"Rural operations are a fundamental weakness in most law-enforcement special operations units," the source noted. "Most high-risk warrant service teams are not adequately trained to operate outside on urban environment. They may have gotten complacent," because of their many visits to the Weaver property, he said.

Our source especially noted the team's failure to wear body armor. "They might have been quite competent, but had bad luck that day ... "The SOG team's failure to have a warrant in their possession, even though they did not intend to arrest Weaver that day, "could pose a very serious legal problem."

The Marshal Service SOG team had "developed a very good program" by the mid-1980s, the expert remarked. But they ran afoul of turf-conscious FBI bureaucrats when SOG tried to expand its mission to include snatch operations and the arrest of fugitives outside the United States.

"The Marshal Service got cut off at the knees by the FBI, and the quality of SOG training suffered as a result," according to aur source. "Without proper training, what you've got generally is just a bunch of city guys running around in the woods ... snooping and pooping and playing Rambo."

-J.L.P.

shed. Government witnesses say that the round barely missed Weaver and hit the shed.

More Blood

Weaver headed immediately back for the cabin, pushed along by Sara, who was followed by Harris. Vicki Weaver, holding her infant daughter Elisheba in one arm, held the kitchen door open. Harris said he was the last one through the door, looking back over his shoulder while Vicki screamed, "You bastards!" — at that instant Horiuchi squeezed off a second shot, aimed at Harris.

The bullet pierced the kitchen-door window and the blue-checked curtain hanging behind it, striking Vicki in the temple. Her skull exploded, the bullet blasting away most of the other side of her head before punching through Harris' left arm and into his chest, breaking two ribs and collapsing a lung. Vicki fell to the floor clutching Elisheba in a death grip.

By Saturday night there was another tense standoff. four miles below at the

Continued on page 90

Scott Barnes: THE F \checkmark AKE THAT CHANGED AMERICA'S FUTURE

Did a pathological liar and a presidential candidate's paranoia derail the outcome of Election '92?

How was it possible? There he was in May 1992 - a 37% share in the presidential campaign polls – a superhuman, bigger than Elvis. Ross Perot, an Everyman empowered with billions of bucks and millions of volunteers – his giant parabolic ears tuned to the perfect resonance of his pitch, his game. His destiny – to save America.

We're mad as hell and we're not going to take it anymore! Ross Perot! Ross Perot! Ross Perot ... It was potentially the most significant third-party presidential candidacy and political campaign in contemporary American history. Literally from out of nowhere, as an aside to a question on a radio talk-show program, Ross Perot transformed himself into a presidential candidate. Go figure. Virtually overnight, a legion of volunteers materialized, rapidly organized populist cadres for a nationwide "draft Perot" petition, and proceeded to accelerate from zero to escape-velocity like a swarm of unguided missiles. By April 9th — only 49 days from the date of his spontaneous comments on Larry King Live, of 20 February — Ross Perot had 21% in the polls. Lights burned bright into the night in Little Rock and in Washington — this was a blitzkrieg offense, not a late-in-the-game "Hail Mary" pass to the end zone.

Perot wasn't slow — he passed through the 33% level on 13 May and was climbing fast in the polls. By Wednesday, 3 June — the day after California primary election exit polls showed fully one third of the voters would have chosen Perot had he been on the ballot — Perot hit the 37% mark. Forget about not taking polls seriously, this was no gee-whiz thing to the boys and girls on the bus with Clinton, or for Bush inside the beltway, this was the end of the two party political system as we know it. And if it was going to be a Texas-rules three-way horse race, then there was going to be blood, teeth and hair on two empty saddles at the finish line, make no mistake about it.

Fine. If it was going to be a "guerrilla campaign," then things were looking good for Perot. The polls seemed to signify an unconventional analysis which accurately confirmed the sweeping undercurrents of a new and powerful voter discontent. As one blue-haired, chain-smoking grandmother and Perot volunteer said while fidgeting behind the wheel of her red Jeep Cherokee outside a suburban shopping mall, "It's time to get in, sit down, shut up and hold on." And away she went, topped off with caffeine and optimism. And then he quit.

Nobody saw it coming, and it seemed to happen with all the speed and force of a bad wreck on a slick highway. It was Thursday, 16 July - the week of the Democratic

Special to *Soldier Of Fortune* by Jim Coyne ©1993 National Convention in New York City, only hours before Bill Clinton's triumphant acceptance speech, when Perot's campaign spun off the road and slammed into the guardrails. Sure, Perot directed some late June attacks at Republican "opposition research" dirty tricksters who were allegedly trying to damage his credibility, and he wasn't too happy with media reports that he had blown up a section of coral reef so he could dock his yacht near his home in Bermuda, and sure, some of the campaign's momentum had bled off, but nothing seemed to foreshadow the blunt abdication of his candidacy. Volunteers were rightfully stunned, and many of them were righteously angry by the brutality of the brusque betrayal. But what's more, virtually no one believed a word of what Perot had to say justifying his decision.

A Time/CNN poll following Perot's announcement indicated "62% of his supporters felt he had let them down, and only 17% believed he had told the real reasons for quitting." And with good reason. His announcement that morning seemed to mock everything that had come before it. He was dropping out, Perot said, because "the Democratic Party has revitalized itself." He could not envision a "clean win" and feared that the election would be thrown into the U.S. House of Representatives and would "be disruptive to the country."

Excuse me? Here's a guy who launched and funded a third-party spoiler bid for the presidency based on a petulant personal dislike for George Bush, who openly patterned his presidential ambitions along the lines of a guerrilla campaign and then dropped out because he didn't want to be disruptive?

The story stank. But looking back, there were signs of hoaxes yet to come. There was a hint, even, in the 27 July *Newsweek* cover story by Tom Morgenthau, "The Quitter." Incredibly, die-hard loyalist Tom Luce, Perot's lawyer and corporate counsel, was quoted as saying, "I don't think Mr. Perot's plans have changed one iota. I think he's still planning to run for president of the United States." It seemed a preposterous thought at the time. But then 84 days later, on 8 October, that's just what Ross Perot did.

However, on that hot July morning in Dallas, as Perot blustered and quit — while the Democratic Convention mimicked Republican production values in New York — he made no mention of any Republican Party plans to disrupt his daughter Carolyn's August wedding. He made no mention of GOP dirty tricksters trying to palm off incriminating composite photos of daughters Nancy and Carolyn — no references that he was aware of alleged plans to wiretap his offices. No mention of Scott Barnes — nothing — these would come later.

The day after his withdrawal from the race, Ross Perot talked with Newsweek

editor Maynard Parker. In light of what was to transpire later that summer, excerpts from their conversation as they appeared in the 27 July edition of *Newsweek* are worth repeating here.

In his interview, Parker asked Perot point-blank: "Why did you get out?" Given the Machiavellian conduct peculiar to all political campaigns, Perot's answer was textbook perfect: "I don't have a power drive, an ego drive. If I were to have run,

it would have thrown the election into the House and would have led to gridlock. We don't have time for that ... getting out was the morally responsible thing for me to do."

"You've created an image of a person in the last few months that is not the person I am at all," Perot continued. "Look, if you took all that's been written about me in the past few months and showed it to close friends of mine and asked them, is that the person you know, they'd say no. It doesn't bear any resemblance. Does Perot really hire private investigators? They'd say no. The story presented about me hasn't been the real story at all."

But when Parker asked if Perot's family had influenced his decision not to run, Perot again seemed to contradict himself: "No, the family isn't the story," Perot investigator exactly 15 days later, on Friday, 31 July, specifically to look into allegations he was aware of as early as June – that the GOP was planning to smear his daughter's reputation, disrupt another daughter's August wedding and wiretap his corporate and campaign offices. Or that he had already become a coconspirator in a series of far-reaching events – the implications of which would further damage his own reputation and the

Scott Tracy Barnes sees himself as a great "Fighter of Evil," but the facts point to him being a world-class con man who seeks media attention at any cost. Photo: *The Courier*, Prescott, Arizona

insisted. "Did you see Clinton's daughter last night? It scares me to death what we do to these kids of our presidents. Look at LBJ's daughters, look at Amy Carter. We print any rumors, any stories about them. It's really very tough on them. It comes close to destroying them." Parker pressed on, "So concern about your family was one of the reasons why you pulled out?"

"No," Perot asserted again, "when I got involved with the POWs, the Vietnamese would put contracts out on [my life] in Canada. They learned to live with that. No, I just wanted to do the right thing for the country."

Okay. Fine. But what Perot didn't say was that he would hire a private

integrity of the FBI, vilify the honesty of Texas Bush/Quayle Campaign Chairman Jim Oberwetter, slam the Republicans into the wall one last time before the election, and strain the credulity of even the most bipartisan observers.

Piecing together the bizarre events that culminated in Dallas in August 1992 requires a methodology much like what an accident investigator uses in the case of an airplane crash. Why now, and why here? What caused this thing to fall out of the sky? Who was at the controls? Let's go back to the beginning ...

After Perot sort of declared his candidacy on the *Larry King Live* broadcast and it later became apparent that



Scott Barnes

his campaign was going to be a real barn burner, the folks running

folks running the Democratic and Republican campaigns had to take him seriously.

Oberwetter certainly knew he had to take Perot seriously: "We live in the same town, each morning we read the same newspapers and we watch the same news reports every night. So I did my homework. I knew our paths would eventually cross, so to speak, but I never expected it would turn out like it did."

He read everything available on Perot. Looking back, Oberwetter believes he can trace the origins of his later problems with Perot to an article by Peter Applebome in *The New York Times* of 29 March.

"Given everything that's occurred since, there's certainly a couple of things I wish I would have phrased differently," Oberwetter says now, referring to the article with a sarcastic chuckle. "I had no idea what [Perot's] reaction was going to be."

Applebome's lead paragraph in his article set the tone: "In a year in which half the cards in the political decks seem to be jokers, the ultimate wild card may be playing out in a corporate suite full of Norman Rockwell paintings in a high rise [in Dallas]." But Oberwetter points to the particular paragraphs that placed him squarely in Perot's cross hairs: "If [Perot] takes votes from the president in sufficient numbers to deliver [Texas] to Bill Clinton, then we've got big problems," Oberwetter is quoted as saying. "As smart as the guy is, he's never run for public office before and that can be a very dangerous thing in politics ... That's why he ... actually has to take advice from somebody else, which will be hard for him to do."

"By noon the next day," Oberwetter maintains, "Perot said I was trying to remake his image, and if I didn't work with the good people I did (referring to Hunt Oil, where Oberwetter is an executive), I'd have been in real trouble." But it didn't stop there. In a Saturday edition of *The Dallas Morning News*, Carl Leubsdorf reported the following from Ross Perot's speech before the American Society of Newspaper Editors on 10 April, in Washington D.C.

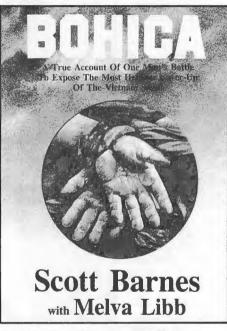
"Asked about a comment by Jim Oberwetter, who is running Mr. Bush's reelection campaign in Texas, that [Perot] finds it hard to take advice from others, Mr. Perot initially responded, 'I get confused sometimes with bed wetter.' [Perot] denounced the Bush Texas campaign chairman as a 'former White House staffer [who] got a big-time job down in Dallas, Texas. This is a young guy that probably has trouble buying cat food, he's so inexperienced,' Mr. Perot said."

O b e r w e t t e r responded that he had never worked in the

White House, and "I haven't been called that name since I was in grade school."

Well, Oberwetter says now, "Perot was reportedly furious when he read this. To an outsider it might have appeared to be no more than a typical small-town, election-year feud; but it wasn't. A few days later Oberwetter gets his first telephone call from Scott Barnes and our bizarre saga begins.

"Scott Barnes called me twice in late April," Oberwetter recalls. "He said he had been involved with the POW thing in Southeast Asia and had had a falling-out with Ross Perot because of it. He said he got my name from some newspaper, and implied that I might be interested to know the circumstances of his falling-out with Perot. I said as far as I was concerned, Ross Perot had done more for the POW



Barnes' self-published opus *BOHICA* describes him as an adviser to the presidential commission investigating American POW/MIAs in Southeast Asia, a 1986 recipient of California's Law Enforcement Officer's Scholarship and a second-year law student.

issue over the years than any other living American, and if Ross Perot went astray in the course of it, I didn't want to know about it. And that's the last time I knowingly talked to anyone by the name of Scott Barnes. Later, when [Barnes] showed up in my office in August, he represented himself as ... Howard Parsons. I had never met Scott Barnes. I had no reason to suspect that Howard Parsons and Scott Barnes were one and the same person."

Who is Scott Barnes? His is a long and curious story with which this author is,

unfortunately, very familiar. Lacking a medical degree in aberrant psychological disorders, I can only compare him to the tar baby that confounded Brer Rabbit defined by Webster's as "something or someone from which it is nearly impossible to extricate oneself."

The Amazing, Fantastic, One & Only Scott Barnes

Barnes graduated from Redondo Union High School in 1972. After graduation Scott sold some stock and traveled to the South Pacific and Southeast Asia. He visited Vietnam briefly as a tourist. When he returned to California in 1973, he enlisted in the U.S. Army for 36 months and submitted a request for duty in Europe.

Barnes' only military specialty was as a guard in a correctional facility at Fort Lewis, Washington. He was discharged from service after serving only 16 months for "Failure to meet acceptable standards for continued military service ... poor attitude; lack of motivation; lack of selfdiscipline; failure to demonstrate potential for promotion; and/or ability to adapt socially or emotionally." In other words, he just couldn't hack it.

After his discharge, Barnes bummed around and worked briefly at odd jobs as a real estate salesman, as a groundkeeper for the Kern County Parks Department and as a drug rehabilitation counselor in Bakersfield, California. Then he found his real calling — law enforcement. He soon became what is known within police organizations as a "gypsy cop."

Barnes was hired by the El Cajon (California) Police Department in March 1976 and was fired 11 months later for brutality and lying. Court documents in San Diego County reveal that in January 1977 the El Cajon department was "orally informed" by then-Deputy San Diego District Attorney William J. Howatt Jr. that his office "would no longer prosecute any cases on which Officer Barnes was primarily responsible for the recovery of evidence." Barnes was dismissed from El Cajon's force in February 1977.

Soon after, in March 1977, Barnes was hired as a patrolman with the Ridgecrest (California) Police Department. According to Michael Trihey in *The Bakersfield Californian*: "In October 1977, [Barnes] arrested a man for possession of a knife in a car. The man was released when a judge pointed out that it is not illegal to have a knife in a car. The man later won a false arrest suit against Barnes and the city."

Keystone Barnes

In short order Barnes compiled quite a case load. He arrested a man in a stabbing incident, but the case was thrown out when the knife in evidence turned out not to be the same knife used in the assault. On 18 December 1977 he shot and wounded a man who was later sent to a state mental hospital. Then on 1 February 1978 it was

discovered that the bullets taken from the body of the wounded man were missing from the department's evidence locker. Barnes later claimed he had "found" the missing bullets in a trash can.

Two weeks later Barnes was accused by China Lake police of "interfering with the arrest of a shoplifter and destroying evidence." Officer Barnes said a Ridgecrest police sergeant told him to destroy the evidence. "I'd call that a lie," then-Police Chief Earl Fike responded as quoted in The Daily Independent of Ridgecrest.

Barnes was suspended. In March 1978, 25 out of 27 members of the Ridgecrest Police Employees Association voted to fire him. It would have been unanimous, but one member was home sick during the vote, and Barnes voted against his own dismissal. He was duly fired in April, then appealed his dismissal, lost and left town. By now he was well on his way to establishing his MO, or modus operandi.

So, naturally, Barnes became a licensed private investigator in the state of California and lectured at various universities on law enforcement techniques.

By 1981, when Bob Brown and I first met him in Bangkok, he had worked his way up through the apprentice con man program and was now a journeyman buffoon who professed to be working with Bo Gritz, the POW/MIA activist, war hero

and most recent presidential candidate.

But soon even Gritz was trying to shake him off. In a 15 April 1982 interview in the Easy Reader of Hermosa Beach, Gritz said, "What I have learned about Barnes in the last year is that he has a terrible identification problem. He'll pick up on any bit of news, like the Hell's Angels thing." (Barnes claimed to have worked undercover with police gathering evidence against the Hell's Angels motorcycle club and to have uncovered a police plot to entrap their president, Sonny Barger.)

"[Barnes] called me one time, terribly excited because he was going to be on ABC's Close-Up," Gritz told the weekly paper. "He said, 'Be sure to watch it, then you'll see who I really am.' And lo and behold, there was Barnes for about 10 seconds saying he was a police undercover agent who planted narcotics on the Hell's Angels so they could be arrested. But if you check, ... Barnes volunteered to testify on behalf of the defense ... It was all so much smoke.'

"Next thing I know," Gritz continued, "Barnes is calling me collect from Thailand. He needs money because he claimed intelligence agents had stolen his passport and wallet. I told him to go to the American Embassy. When he came back, he said he had secret photos showing POW camps that he wanted to show me. I agreed to meet him at a Mexican restaurant near the surfer statue at the pier in Hermosa Beach. I sent what he gave me to intelligence. They informed me the photos were total fabrications."

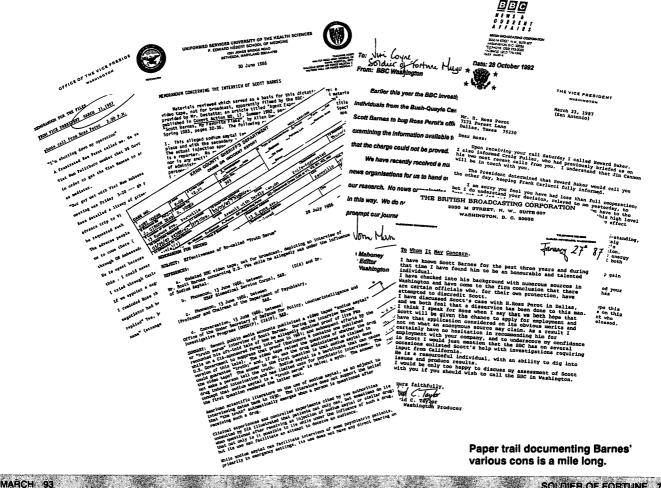
Ted Koppel & Nightline

In February 1982 Barnes matriculated into the ranks of world-class con men. Convinced there might be a story in Barnes regarding a CIA-sanctioned cross-border mission into Laos in 1981, ABC newsman Ted Koppel boarded a flight to Los Angeles. He met with Barnes at Hope Chapel in Hermosa Beach amid surroundings that became a recurring theme: Scott Barnes, born-again Christian, persecuted and betrayed by the very government that sent him into harm's way.

Koppel was considering a three-part Nightline feature on the secret mission, but first he arranged to have Barnes polygraphed. Although the results indicated "no deception," Koppel was aware of the limitations of polygraph examination and was uncomfortable with other unresolved discrepancies in Barnes' stories.

In the end, Koppel's gut decision was that Barnes was a "pathological liar," and he killed the story. Two years later, Koppel's colleague Peter Jennings was not so fortunate.

David Taylor, a producer for the British Broadcasting Corp. (BBC) who was based in Washington, D.C., said he discovered Barnes in 1984 while researching the "Rewald Affair," an incident involving the 1983 bankruptcy of the Honolulu investment firm of Bishop, Baldwin,



Scott Barnes

Rewald, Dillingham & Wong.

Firm chairman Ronald Ray Rewald

was indicted in August 1984 for defrauding about 400 investors, including several retired senior military officers, and charged with tax evasion and perjury. Rewald contested the charges, claiming the CIA helped to finance and operate his firm as a "proprietary company" to fund covert CIA operations in Southeast Asia.

Taylor was in close contact with Rewald during this time, and in 1986 told me that one of the investors and advisers for Rewald's firm was General Hunter Harris,

C-in-C Pacific Command. Harris allegedly told Taylor during his investigation that Rewald's firm had been used to forward money to Gritz and that he (Harris) had introduced Gritz to Rewald, Taylor said Rewald had confirmed this.

Rewald was in jail at that time, where he had found God and was now a devoutly religious man. He apparently mentioned to Taylor that he was worried about attempts on his life, noting that he was receiving letters from a Reverend Scott Barnes in California who had offered to come to Hawaii and pray with him. Rewald told Taylor that he had sent thanks to the Rev. Barnes, but had



H. Ross Perot mounted the most significant third-party presidential candidacy in contemporary American history until he became involved with the duo of con man Scott Barnes and BBC producer David Taylor. Photo: James L. Pate

also informed him that he preferred praying alone.

Shortly thereafter Barnes quit his real estate job in California and appeared in Hawaii. Taylor soon learned that the Rev. Barnes had applied to be a volunteer assistant at the prison visiting center where Rewald was incarcerated. Barnes worked there for two or three weeks, Taylor said, and from Taylor's subsequent conversations with former supervisors, Barnes seemed eager to learn more about the maximum security section where Rewald was held.

Sent By The CIA ... Yeah, That's The Ticket!

Barnes eventually quit and became a prison guard. Oddly enough, Taylor said Barnes approached the local coroner's office around that same time and made inquiries regarding "deaths attributable to overdoses." He allegedly told the Honolulu assistant coroner's office that

he was a prison guard interested in becoming a medical student. Taylor said the assistant coroner remembered Barnes from the unusual questions Barnes had asked regarding poison tracing procedures, body disposal techniques, etc.

At the same time, Rewald allegedly told Taylor there had been numerous attempts to put him on some sort of intervenous medical program, but he had refused. Sometime after this, Barnes quit his job at the prison.

> Taylor said he was intrigued by Barnes and arranged to meet him in California. It was there, Taylor said, that Barnes told him he had been "sent by the CIA to assassinate Rewald" because Rewald "knew too much." Barnes also told Taylor other stories about secret missions, "yellow rain" and assassinated CIA agents.

Barnes claimed, in articles published in a couple of radical left-wing publications, that the USG had sent him into Laos to assassinate American POWs because they were going to reveal that they had been sent to Laos to plant Yellow Rain samples to implicate

the USSR in the use of chemical warfare.

It was an unusual first meeting, even for someone as worldly-wise as BBC producer Taylor. More than once during their meeting Barnes implied that he personally was "under surveillance" and "threats had been made." Hell, it would spook anybody, and Taylor took it seriously enough to depart a day early.

When Taylor arrived at National Airport back in Washington, D.C., he got his first inkling of what life with Scott Barnes might bring.

Barnes might bring. "I was detained," Taylor recalled, "by two DEA agents who informed me that they had received a tip from LAPD that I was involved in a drug deal! They searched my luggage but found nothing. They spent a considerable amount of time, however, examining my notebooks and notes. After they were convinced that I had no drugs, they told me that they thought I might have been set up for harassment by the LAPD!"

"The DEA agents seemed quite upset," Taylor told me later, "and said that it was not in their interest to be harassing journalists." Taylor said that he either later obtained, or had seen, "a copy of a DEA letter which reprimanded the LAPD for harassing journalists."

Taylor was convinced that the odd events in California and Washington were linked. "They seemed to be looking for something, and paid particular attention to my notes regarding Barnes. I had the distinct feeling that I was being warned off Barnes."

Taylor should have taken better counsel of his inner feelings. There is every reason to believe, given Barnes' desire to convince Taylor that he was some sort of spook (and Barnes' later pattern of deception which would be refined over the coming years), that it was Barnes himself who telephoned the LAPD that day for no other reason than to convince Taylor that Barnes was a man to watch.

Incredibly, in 1987 I was told by a DEA special agent that there was reason to suspect that Barnes may have used the same ploy (telephoning an anonymous tip to authorities describing a suspected drug smuggler arriving on an airline) *against himself.* At that time, this agent was investigating other unrelated charges concerning Barnes.

The agent related an incident under investigation where an anonymous call was received by law enforcement authorities at LAX describing a guy wearing a "plaid shirt, traveling with his wife and child, arriving on so-and-so flight from so-andso, who was carrying two kilos of cocaine." Agents were waiting, and sure enough a guy got off who fit the description perfectly. The family was detained and thoroughly searched, but agents found nothing. The man later filed a lawsuit against authorities and reportedly won an undisclosed amount of money. The guy's name? You guessed it — Scott Barnes.

At the same time Barnes was desperately trying to convince Taylor of his role as a "CIA assassin," he was busy conning ABC with the same story. Much to its eventual chagrin, ABC News ran with Barnes' story of his alleged involvement in a CIA murder plot on the evenings of September 19th and 20th, 1984, as part of a two-part series about the CIA's involvement in Rewald's bankrupt investment firm. Almost immediately, in an unprecedented legal action between the CIA and a network news organization, the CIA filed a complaint with the Federal Communications Commission about the network's allegations and asked the FCC to consider whether ABC was fit to hold a broadcast license.

Backpeddling furiously from the unexpected frontal assault by the Agency, and now also unconvinced by Barnes' story, on 22 November 1984 the network presented a chastened Peter Jennings stating on the air that "ABC has now concluded that Barnes' charges cannot be substantiated, and we have no reason to doubt the CIA's denial."

The "Truth Serum" Test

That would have put an end to the career of a normal con man, but Scott Barnes was, above all things, persistent. And through it all, inexplicably in a supporting role, there was David Taylor again.

"Mark A. Smith, former United States Prisoner of War: MELVIN C. McINTIRE, Sergeant First Class, United States Army, Plaintiffs. vs. RONALD REAGAN, President of the

United States: CASPAR WEINBERGER. United States Secretary of Defense; GEORGE SCHULTZ. United States Secretary of General State: JAMES A. WILLIAMS. Director of the States United Defense Intelligence Agency; and, each of their respective predecessors and successors, in their Official Capacity Defendants."

In 1986, as part of an Affidavit of Support for the impressive lawsuit above (subsequently dismissed), Barnes surfaced again, and again he was in the company of the BBC's David Taylor. Only this time he was being

videotaped with an intravenous tube of sodium Amytal, said to be a "truth serum," in his arm as he was interviewed about his extraordinary experiences trying to locate U.S. POWs in Southeast Asia.

mentioned.

A "Memorandum Concerning the Interview of Scott Barnes," dated 30 June 1986, conducted by the "Uniformed Services University of the Health Science Department of Defense, F. Edward Herbert School of Medicine, Psychiatry," clinically evaluated the BBC videotape.

According to this memorandum, the on-camera interview was "carried out with an IV bottle in place and with the secondary tubing attached to a port in the IV apparatus. The actual injection appears to be done by a man in a black shirt who allegedly is a reporter." The memorandum continues: "It is most striking that the IV apparatus seemed to be emplaced by a non-medical person present, i.e., the reporter, but also as additional materials are administered from the syringe (which by inference to contain sodium Amytal) by the reporter."

A follow-up memo, dated 24 July 1986, stated that "sodium Amytal is a barbiturate that can cause drug induced intoxication and has limited uses for psychiatric interviews. The concept that sodium Amytal is a truth serum is naive; a myth."

The memo concluded, "Not only is it possible to lie under the influence of such a drug, but its use can facilitate an attempt to deceive an audience." Further, the memo cautioned under the heading "DISCUSSION:" that "Amobarbital

Sodium (Amytal): (1) is a controlled drug under the Federal Controlled Substance Act of 1970; (2) is potentially lethal; and, (3) that IV (intravenous) administration of the drug should usually be reserved for emergency treatment of acute seizure states or acute episodes of psychotic behavior. Only hospitalized patients under close supervision should be given the drug IV."

Let's give everybody the benefit of the doubt. Maybe intravenous administration of barbiturates is an a c c e p t a b l e interviewing technique of the BBC; I don't

BBC; I don't know. And what of the BBC videotaped administration of Sodium Amytal to Barnes? Taylor maintains that, "The anesthesiologist administered 275 mg. of sodium amytal, more than that normally required for someone of the weight and size of Barnes, because he was listening to Barnes' testimony, and failed to properly keep an eye on the dosage for a moment." Taylor insists that "Barnes called [me] for advice on the ill-effects such a drug might have, and would only consent to the test if I was present and videotaped it." To this day, Taylor remains convinced of the test's validity.

On 5 March 1987, at 2238 hours, a sheriff's deputy was dispatched to respond to a report of an assault with a deadly weapon from one Scott Barnes. The

deputy's report noted that the victim ``was uncooperative," and an unemployed white male, age 32.

In the synopsis of the initial sheriff's report, the deputy stated: "Barnes reported that he had been shot and stabbed. Barnes had a superficial cut on his lower left abdomen. The cut was horizontal, clean and about 2 inches long. Barnes didn't seek any medical attention. Barnes refused to answer questions, and refused to describe his assailant(s). Barnes said that he fired at his assailant(s) in self-defense. Barnes appeared to be intoxicated ... Evidence: None. Chain of Evidence: None; Witnesses Statements: None." As the deputy's report continues, guess who pops into the picture again? David Taylor.

"Scott told me that he was under subpoena with the U.S. government," the responding deputy wrote, "as if that should explain things to me or justify why he couldn't talk to me. When I insisted on having some more information, he said 'Dan, just call 703-378-0536. God dang, my stomach hurts, please.' Then he went and laid down on the bed and he got back up, went to the phone, dialed a number, then when the other person answered, he said, 'Here's Washington' and handed me the phone.

"I then spoke with a David Taylor, who told me he didn't know Scott Barnes very well, but that Scott Barnes had called him and said he had been stabbed and he was concerned as to his condition. Taylor was unable to give me any information other than that and he didn't know any background information on Scott Barnes," the investigating officer noted.

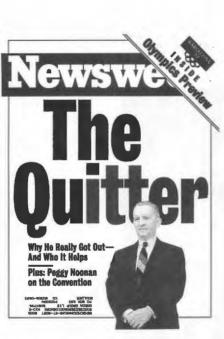
How interesting – just 38 days prior to this incident Taylor had written a glowing recommendation for Barnes on official BBC stationery: "To Whom it May Concern: I have known Scott Barnes for the past three years and during that time I have found him to be a honorable and talented individual."

Taylor went on: "I have discussed Scott's case with H. Ross Perot in Dallas, and we both feel that a disservice has been done to this man. I think I speak for Ross when I say that we both hope that Scott will be given the chance to apply for employment and have that application considered on its obvious merits and not on what an anonymous source may claim ... BBC has on several occasions enlisted Scott's help with investigations requiring input from California ... I would be happy to discuss my assessment of Scott with you if you should wish to call the BBC in Washington."

Really? This letter has come back to haunt both Taylor and Perot; recently, Taylor candidly admitted he never expected it "to see the light of day."

What's even more interesting is that 12 days after the "attack" on Barnes, Taylor

Continued on page 76



The true story behind Perot's sudden

withdrawal from the presidential race

Newsweek last July. Two key players

influencing Perot were never even

isn't as cut-and-dried as first reported by

CLINTON'S SURPRISES FOR GUN OWNERS

Permanent Bans, 1,000% Tax Real Possibilities

by Howard Rourke

Before the last votes were counted in 1992's presidential

election, nervous gun dealers across the country were busy buying up remaining stores of "assault rifles" and ammunition — they had good reason.

Throughout the campaign it was difficult to pin Bill Clinton down on any

particular issue, save one – gun control. He steadfastly and consistently called for passage of the Brady Bill and for banning weapons labeled by the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobbaco & Firearms as assault rifles.

Now that President Clinton has taken office, rumors and speculation abound regarding what steps he will take to achieve his ends; perhaps the best looking glass to peer into is the one focused on the agency that will enforce new gun laws: the BATF.

Even now, the BATF is preparing to install the apparatus needed to enforce the expected sweeping gun laws. These new regulations will be both administrative and legislative. The former type will be passed with the stroke of a pen at the direction of the Department of Commerce and the BATF. Such laws will affect what weapons and ammunition may be imported into our country.

The legislative measures will affect possession, manufacture and sales of weapons and ammunition in the United States; as such, these will require an act of Congress to become law. Such proposed legislation will have to be kicked around in committee and then debated on the floor of the House prior to any congressional vote.

This will at least give Americans some, though not much, advance warning of what is about to happen, so the National Rifle Association and other citizens' groups will have a chance to pressure Congress to vote against it.

Guidelines dealing with importation, however, do not require acts of Congress to become laws. Just as the country woke up one January morning a few years ago to discover that the world's best 24 rifles could no longer be imported into the United States, much more restrictive and repressive regulations can become law in the same way - by decree.

Many arms producers, including Springfield Armory, Heckler & Koch, Israel Military Industries (IMI) and Norinco skirted the import ban by "sporterizing"



Handgun Control Inc.'s mouthpiece Sarah Brady with husband James, the press secretary to Ronald Reagan who was severely wounded during assassination attempt on Reagan by a lunatic gunman. Under Clinton administration Sarah Brady will likely wield considerable influence for new antigun legislation. Photo: AP/Wide World

their so-called assault rifles. This usually took the form of eliminating those nasty bayonet lugs, pistol grips, folding stocks, flash suppressors and large-capacity magazines. In their places were put thumbhole buttstocks, five-round magazines and exposed muzzles.

It didn't take long for parts kits to surface that included, to no one's surprise, all of the original military goodies that the BATF objected to. These were sold as replacement parts, but clearly the intent was to return so-called sporter rifles to their original military configurations.

The BATF placed enormous pressure on the importers of military firearms – some legal, some not so legal – to cease such importation. Springfield Armory of Geneseo, Illinois, for example, had to suspend its importation of versions of the H&K 91, the FN FAL and the Galil; the armory also scrapped plans to import sporter versions of the Daewoo and UZI.

The ban caused some arms importers, Springfield Armory among them, to go out of business (Dennis Reese, co-chairman of Springfield Armory's board of directors, however, assured me the company is arranging financing and will re-emerge under a new name.).

Jerry Stern, president of Action Arms, told me his company suspended all imports of Galil and Hadar rifles. He went on to explain that IMI has ceased to manufacture its Galils in semiauto versions, since the United States was its primary market. Somewhat ironically, the last major exporter of current military firearms to the United States represents the folks that brought you the Tiananmen Square massacre — they don't have to worry about an armed citizenry at home.

The BATF was not happy to see parts kits emerge on the market. They reacted by proposing amendments to 27 CFR, part 178 of section 922 (R) of the United States Code, to make it illegal for anyone to put these replacement parts on sporterized rifles. At the time of this writing, such proposals have not become law.

In my attempt to get clarification from the BATF, I received diametrically opposing answers from everyone I spoke with at the bureau. It is my understanding that the BATF can only regulate the actions of holders of Federal Firearms Licenses (FFLs). Laws pertaining to the actions of private citizens must be passed by the United States Congress (such as the NFA and 1968 Gun Control Act). But the BATF was as fuzzy on this issue as Clinton was regarding his draft dodging.

To eliminate all this confusion, the

BATF and the U.S. Department of Commerce are preparing to enforce a complete ban on importation of *all military firearms and ammunition* — *period*. This will effectively nullify a rider on a trade bill (REC. S2234 2, March 1984) by Sen. Bob Dole (R-Kan.) to allow importation of military weapons classified as "curios" or "relics."

These curios and relics represent some of the finest military weapons of the last five decades, including mint-condition M1 Garands, FN 49s, Browning Hi-Powers and everything in between. It is quite possible that we will look back on the Reagan/Bush years with the nostalgic and envious sorrow we carry for the days prior to the 1968 Gun Control Act.

The gun laws passed in California and New Jersey will serve as models for federal legislation. No weapon with a magazine capacity of more than 10 rounds (rifle or handgun) will be legal for manufacture, sale or possession unless the end user is a law-enforcement officer or agency.

No magazine with a capacity of more than 10 rounds will be legal. A minimum 10-day waiting period will be put into effect on the purchase of all handguns. The 24 weapons classified by the BATF as assault rifles will no longer be legal for sale. At this point it is not clear whether people who already own these will be forced to surrender them or simply register them and pay a punishing licensing fee.

It will no longer be legal for citizens to conduct private gun sales with each other. They will be forced to go through a federally licensed firearms dealer, so the government can check on the purchaser.

Outrageous tariffs have already been proposed on ammunition. At a recent conference of physicians exploring street violence as a medical disease, New York's Democratic Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan demanded a 1,000% tax be placed on all 9mm, .25 and .32 caliber ammunition the so-called "street killers." A similar 1,000% tax has been proposed on all Full Metal-Jacketed .308, .223, 7.62x39 and 30.06 ammunition.

The results of such legislation will be ineffective at stopping crime and catastrophic in every other aspect. Enforcement costs will be staggering. By their own estimation, the BATF believes 20% of all lawenforcement manpower and resources will be spent processing firearms purchase applications. They are already in the process of securing Craig supercomputers to facilitate the enormous task ahead of them.

The burden placed on firearms dealers will also be enormous. This time, effort, frustration and delay can only result in higher gun prices. Gun shows will be only a shadow of what they once were. No one will be allowed to buy, sell or trade guns on the same day. The excitement and spontaneity of these shows will be forever lost; their frequency and sizes will diminish. We know what President Clinton wants to do, and we know what the BATF is preparing to do. But what will actually happen now that the happy couple has moved to Pennsylvania Avenue?

The Arkansas press did not name Clinton "Slick Willie" for no reason. Moral, philosophical and character issues aside, the man is a good politician. The last thing Clinton needs is a major conservative backlash from "Reagan Democrats" and others who comprised the 57% of the voters who didn't back him.

To do too much too soon in the way of gun control could create more problems

for Clinton than such measures would solve. Certainly Clinton's agenda to curtail and abolish gun rights is part of his effort to appease his liberal constituency and at the same time show all Americans how tough he is on crime.

But if you look at places like California, New Jersey, or even Denver, Colorado, where citizens who owned assault rifles were ordered to register them, the compliance rates were virtually zero. There is no reason to believe the results would be any different with regard to federal legislation.

Any attempts to enforce gun confiscation laws more vigorously than in the above mentioned places will almost inevitably end up with dead policemen and citizens — a situation Clinton & Co. would be well-advised to avoid.

As it stands now, the United States holds the highest percentage of jailed individuals in any of the industrialized Western democracies. Twenty percent of all Americans behind bars are there for drug-related

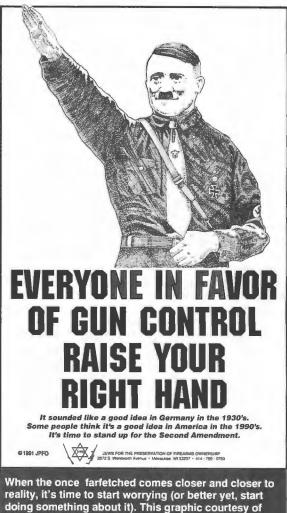
crime. This does not include violence, robbery or theft — this is simply buying, selling and/or possessing controlled substances.

One can only begin to imagine how the prison population would soar if the proposed gun laws were vigorously enforced. There would be great political fallout as well. There is no amendment to the Constitution covering a right to get high. There is one guaranteeing the right to bear arms.

With the Democrats in control of the White House and Congress, there is no

question that the political climate is ripe for passage of the Brady Bill. The political clout of the NRA remains a big question. Laws curtailing and prohibiting sales and possession of military firearms will not run into widespread opposition, even from those who have traditionally defended gun rights based on notions of hunting and of American tradition.

How far the Clinton team and the BATF will go to disarm the American people remains to be seen. The only thing to be said with any degree of certainty is that a huge black market in arms will be created by the laws about to come down the pike.



reality, it's time to start worrying (or better yet, start doing something about it). This graphic courtesy of Jews for the Preservation of Firearms Ownership, 2872 S. Wentworth Ave. Milwaukee, WI 53207; phone: 414-769-0760. This poster is for sale in 11x14.

Instead of buying a legal weapon from a reputable, taxpaying firearms dealer in a store, you will buy your guns in dark parking lots from open vehicle trunk, where your chances of getting ripped off or busted will be about as good as getting your weapon.

Enter the '90s, with Bill, Hillary and the BATF - let the good times roll!

Howard Rourke holds an FFL and has been trading, selling and collecting guns for the last 10 years. \Re

BARNES

Continued from page 73

told me a completely different story. "Oh God," Taylor said, "it was about 3 o'clock in the night, about a week ago, Barnes called me up and all I heard was this groaning voice. And it was enough to put the fear of God into me. He just said, 'David, David, they've beaten me, they've beaten me ... I'm lying on the floor surrounded in blood, I've got to get help.'

"So I could just tell from his voice that this guy was petrified ... so I called the sheriff's office and the ambulance."

I was confused. I asked Taylor why he had to call the sheriff or the ambulance. "Well," Taylor replied, "he was so distraught, he didn't know what he was doing ... uh, and by the time I got to the police. someone else had called the police, and I think his brother had turned up and found him lying on the floor.

"At about midnight someone had knocked on his door. Just as he opened the door. someone grabbed him, punched him in the face and stabbed him in the stomach. Someone fired a gun in the direction of the house, obviously not intending to hit him, I think just to frighten him. Then he fell back inside and grabbed a gun which he kept right by the door and started firing at the guys through the door. And I confirmed with the doctor who had to stitch him up. and I confirmed with the police who turned up to investigate it. So it appears that it certainly happened."

I was skeptical and asked Taylor if it might have been a staged event, a selfinduced wound, perhaps to gain publicity for Barnes' about-to-be-released book, *BOHICA* (an acronym for Bend Over, Here It Comes Again).

"I talked to the police," Taylor insisted. "My first question was, 'Could this be self-inflicted?' And the police said, 'No we don't believe so.' All I know is he's got a stab wound which needed 14 stitches. That's a hell of a self-inflicted wound."

That's a hell of a story, is what that is. Anyone see a pattern here? Any doubt of things to come?

In the summer of 1987 Barnes was arrested by Kern County sheriff's deputies and charged with unlawfully taping telephone calls without the consent of both parties, a felony in California. A number of recorded tapes were seized, along with some rudimentary telephone taping devices, "A little bit better than the Radio Shack-type stuff," according to Walt Newport, an investigator with the Kern County district attorney's office. Barnes apparently was in the habit of taperecording selected calls with the intent of later using fragments of his conversations as evidence to "prove" capricious allegations. (In the Kern County case in which he was convicted, Barnes had been fired as a counselor from a Bakersfield, California, drug rehabilitation center after "discovering" drug dealing by doctors and

administrators of the program.)

Barnes' predilection for making false claims and taping telephone calls was a harbinger of things to come, in more ways than one. Apparently a number of the tapes (used as evidence in court, now in the public record) contain conversations between Barnes and Taylor discussing previous illicit tape recordings as well as suggestions on what questions might be posed to other people in future phone calls. Among others, conversations were allegedly recorded wherein my name was discussed - as were local county, state and federal law enforcement officials', members of Congress and other public figures, including Ross Perot.

As part of the Kern County D.A.'s investigation, Newport telephoned Perot, who was listed as a reference on Scott Barnes' resume. "Mr. Perot told me of bringing up Mr. Barnes' name in the Pentagon (in connection with POW/MIAs), and they knew who [Barnes] was. Perot felt the CIA was harassing Mr. Barnes," Newport said. "I asked him how he could judge Mr. Barnes based on a couple of phone calls, and Perot said he considered Barnes reliable based on the [derogatory] reaction of the Pentagon."

According to a knowledgeable federal law-enforcement official familiar with the case, some of the taping equipment was provided to Barnes by Taylor himself, who also told me he had instructed Barnes after the alleged assault on him to record everything. It was bad advice.

According to court documents, Barnes was convicted 9 December 1988 in Superior Court at Bakersfield of 12 felony counts of "Illegal Tape Recordings." He was fined \$10,000 and sentenced to undergo a 90-day confined diagnostic psychiatric evaluation at the California Institution for Men at Chino.

Barnes served 79 days and received a favorable psychiatric evaluation from California State psychologists, who reported Barnes "apparently has high moral and ethical ideals and sees himself as a fighter of evil." As a result, the felony charges were reduced to misdemeanors, Barnes' fine was dismissed and he was sentenced to three years' probation.

Barnes served two-and-a-half years' probation, then applied to the court for permission to carry a concealed firearm due to his profession as a licensed private investigator. The court denied his request. Barnes later applied for and received a dismissal action of the charges, under section 1203.4 of the California Penal Code.

"Given all that's occurred, we might have been a little hasty on that one," one Superior Court official said in Bakersfield recently.

Police arrest records reveal that Scott Barnes, "fighter of evil," was also arrested on 20 June 1988 on a charge of "false imprisonment" prior to his court appearance on the illegal tape-recording charges.

Apparently, according to the arrest report, a tow truck operator was dispatched by a repossession company to retrieve Barnes' brother's car. When the tow truck driver hooked up, Barnes and his brother came out of a house and tried to stop him. Words were exchanged, there was pushing and shoving, then Barnes reportedly accused the tow truck operator of trying to steal his brother's car. Barnes allegedly told the guy, "You're under arrest." A fight ensued, during which Barnes handcuffed the repo man. Barnes was arrested, confined for one day, fined \$350 and then released.

Marion Shelton Tragedy

Dorothy Marian Shelton, a 57-year-old mother of five, was the wife of Colonel Charles E. Shelton, USAF, who was shot down over Laos on his 33rd birthday on 29 April 1965. Marian became an outspoken advocate and national spokeswoman for the POW/MIA movement and was often a critic of the U.S. government's inaction in resolving the fates of those still missing.

On 4 October 1990, Marian Shelton died of a self-inflicted gunshot wound at her home in Tierra Santa, California. Police said she left a brief suicide note and was apparently suffering from depression. Coincidentally perhaps, the man who was there that night and found her body was Scott Barnes.

According to friends and family members, Barnes received "significant financial support" from Shelton and was often a guest at her home. She endorsed the publication of *BOHICA* and exhorted friends to write the judge for mercy and pray for Scott on her 1988 Christmas cards.

Some people believe that Barnes may have been partially responsible for the woman's chronic depression, with his seemingly endless tales of live Americans waiting in the jungle for rescues which never came, and of unending government conspiracies to discredit Barnes and cover up the POW/MIA issue.

Writing in "I Brought Down Perot," in the December issue of *Los Angeles Magazine*, author Rod Lurie notes that on the night Marian Shelton died, Barnes telephoned the news to Ross Perot.

^aIn that short conversation," Lurie wrote, "one crammed with the kind of emotion and pathos neither man was known for, an unspoken ... bond was forged between two people who never met ... their relationship had taken a twist - a human twist. Barnes was now somebody Perot knew on a level of intimacy that comes from sharing tragedy."

Gag me with a spoon. It sounds like something out of a Harlequin romance novel. There is, of course, another version to the story, the one allegedly told by Barnes to POW activists in the weeks

Continued on page 81

BATTLE BLADES

Continued from page 18

official-issue USMC kabar, plus a sawback-spine model for those looking for added performance. I have mixed feelings about the usefulness of the sawback serrations, but they will perform light sawing. Suggested retail runs around \$33 for the standard model — a couple dollars more for the sawback knife.

Though Camillus no longer holds the military contract (subject to change on the next bid), they offer several wellmade variations of the kabar. The most common is still the standard parkerized USMC Fighting/Utility model. This knife can also be had in a camo sheath rather than brown leather. Suggested retail on the standard knife in either the leather or camo sheath is around \$33.

Those looking for a little more flash in their cutlery might like Camillus' "Trail Blazer" adaptation with its full-polished blade, "S"-guard and leather handle.

Union Cutlery hasn't actually had a government contract for its Ka-Bar since the end of World War II. They do produce a replica of the original knife for the civilian market, stamped "USMC" on both the scabbard and blade. One advantage of either the original or reproduction Ka-Bars (as opposed to generic kabars) is they have slightly oval-shaped handles. I feel this handle style offers a more secure grip than cylinder-shape handles common to the other knives. Suggested retail for the Ka-Bar USMC is around \$48.

The one other commercial kabar now in production is offered by W.R. Case & Sons Cutlery Co. This firm made a total of two prototype USMC knives during World War II. The modern version of these protos features a "USMC"-stamped blade and sheath, plus a natural leather handle; suggested retail is \$57. I might add that while natural leather-handle kabars are attractive, I still prefer the treated issue-style grip for durability.

In the near future, Blackjack Knives will be introducing an improved kabar designed by Chuck Karwan, the wellknown firearms journalist. The blade's design has been increased to a 3/16inch thickness and changed to a highgrade stainless steel. A cast-Kraton grip made in the same shape as the original will replace the leather washers, and the top handguard will be removed. In reality, the top handguard never provided much protection to the hand and gets in the way when the knife is used as a tool. Blackjack will also be adding a lanyard hole to the pommel, a useful feature when working around water.

Several custom knifemakers also turn out high-quality kabar copies. The only one I have much experience with is the model offered by Don Mount (Dept. SOF, 619 Valley View Drive, Henderson, NV 89015). Mount has scaled the knife up slightly, so that his version measures 7¹/₄-inch x 1 3/8-inch x ¹/₄-inch. The blade, guard and pommel are 440C stainless with an untreated natural-leather handle. Having been copied off a Ka-Bar stamped knife, the custom handle is also slightly ovalshaped.

Mount told me he would gladly replace any handle for a few dollars if it fell apart under field conditions. The scabbard is one of the excellent nylon replacement models made by Eagle USA (Dept. SOF, 400 Biltmore Drive, Fenton, MO 63026). The price (\$185) is a bit steeper than for a commercial knife, but this is one blade I would gladly carry into combat anyplace, anytime.

While it may be ugly and lacking the bells and whistles of many modern hightech combat knives, the kabar has served its country well for the past halfcentury. It remains the first choice of professionals more concerned about getting the job done than looking good.



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In the hands of a good man it will do anything that should be expected of a knife, without flash or fanfare.

Steven Dick is a nationally known knife writer and contributing editor at Fighting Knives magazine. 宛

I WAS THERE

Continued from page 16

scary" night to his immediate front. I always set up the guard schedule. placing myself on watch for the hour immediately preceding The Fish. As mentioned, The Fish was a rather jittery soul when not in contact. He always enveloped himself in his poncho liner and went immediately into dark slumber with his bayonet clutched in his right hand. Awakening him for his hour of watch was always an adventure, as The Fish, when nudged, would always attempt to come out of his poncho liner with bayonet waving. I actually got rather good at this, in the dark and in a noise-disciplined environment, taking some pride in it.

Once The Fish was advised he had to go on R&R. He didn't want to, but he reluctantly lifted out on a resupply slick and went to the brigade base camp, then on to Cam Ranh and Tokyo. Eight or nine days later, a Huey flared into a clearing on a finger in the highlands: The Fish was "home."

He was so resplendent that day, dressed in his jungle pants, jungle boots and black silk kimono smoking jacket with its bright orange Japanese symbols and black silk lapels. The Fish was glad to be back, and the next day on the trail he was back in the groove, with camouflage helmet, new smoking jacket and crisscrossed bandoleers. His bony, chalk-white chest with pimples set off the black silk lapels. He wore the smoking jacket for the next three months or so, until it rotted off his back and he was forced to get back into plain old O.D. jungle fatigue tops.

Ah, The Fish. After all those months. all I ever learned about him was that he was from Columbus, Ohio, and didn't particularly have a need to go home. He was a few degrees out of sync, but the man was a virtuoso with an M60 — a Rachmaninoff.

Wherever he might be, I hope he's in that hazy groove where he just can't miss. Get some, Fish man. 🕅

JACKASS

Continued from page 57

(1) point gat any which way, sometimes at the ceiling, sometimes not; (2) forget to



and application, send a SASE to: MICHAEL HORNE 408 E. HARDING BAKERSFIELD, CA 93308



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remove magazine; (3) pull charging handle back to eject chambered round; (4) allow charging handle to fly forward, chambering a round from magazine; (5) dry-fire weapon to uncock it.

What's that you say? There's a small glitch with step 2? You got it, Sherlock the firing pin encounters a seated round, not an empty chamber, resulting in Kaboom! and yet another hole in the ceiling. I stopped counting the holes when the score exceeded a dozen and only one overhead light remained unbroken. Preacher, Wild Bill, Chugalug, Crazy Joe, Joker and Stormtrooper all discharged their weapons in this manner, some of them multiple times. We had holes from G3s, AKs, various pistols, Scorpions, and a World War II-era German submachine gun. The sight of one of 'em taking a round out of the 90mm antitank bazooka was enough to send me into cardiac arrest. Never a dull moment with the wooden shoe crowd.

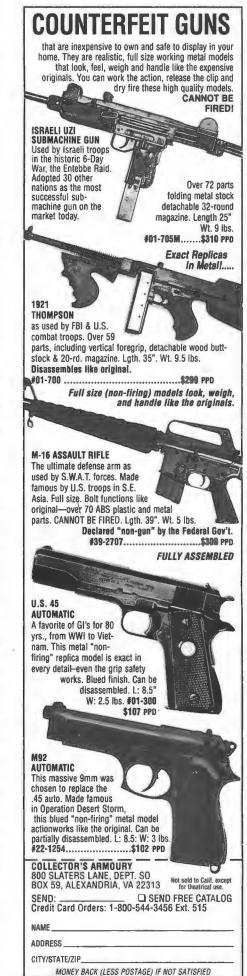
The 1st Dutch had three friendly-fire casualties, two of them minor affairs from lead ricocheting off the ceiling. The third and most serious one bears relating in detail. Wild Bill, our fearless leader, had hosed down a Serb officer in an ambush and claimed his Scorpion pistol. That Scorpion was his pride and joy; he carried the silly toy at all times. Once he riddled his wall locker while trying to unload it, drunk on rakija. But Wild Bill was to surpass even this act of shooting-iron incompetence.

One fine evening the entire group was invited to dinner at the house of a prominent local Croatian. It was indeed a feast. I'm proud to testify that the boys were on their best behavior — although several eyed the silverware, none actually pocketed any ... I think.

We noisily cleared the table of everything edible in record time, impressing our wide-eyed host with our capacity if not with our upbringing. Then, over cigarettes and fine Croatian wine, we settled back to telling war stories punctuated by belches. Wild Bill, fearing Chetnik assassins that I fear were entirely imaginary, was packing his damn Scorpion. Not having a proper holster, he "secured" it by sitting on it — with a round chambered and the safety off.

Murphy's Law prevailed. He (or Mad Max sitting next to him) reached down to adjust his chair, touched the trigger and - Kabang! The round went through Wild Bill's leg and embedded itself in the wall about a foot from me, not far from where the children of our hosts were playing some rug-rat games. At normal dinner parties, jackets and ties are proper attire. If you invite the Dutch Dirty Dozen, flak jackets are recommended.

As we were packing Wild Bill off to the hospital, Steff, the Croatian base commander, arrived and confiscated the Scorpion (Thank God!). Steff was a teetotaler, and flinty as a bank examiner.



He was long since fed up with the drunken antics of the Dutch bunch, and this latest screw-up ultimately resulted in our expulsion from Perusic. Wild Bill got his sweaty hands on another pistol while in the hospital and managed to accidentally discharge it as well. Upon release, he and a Croatian lady friend set up light housekeeping in a private room in our barracks — another act reflective of the delightful informality of the Dutch army, but frowned upon by the conservative Croatians.

We were all lower than whale shit in Steff's opinion, so Wild Bill called a meeting that all might speak their minds, with the object of getting things back on the rails. I straightaway accused Snake of running semtex back to Holland. He said damn straight he was, adding he was selling it to some gentlemen acquaintances who were gainfully employed in the bank robbery trade. Why risk your life for a soldier's pay, Snake reasoned, when you could make big bucks without breaking a sweat?

What precisely, I wondered, did this psycho have in mind? Maybe a storefront in Amsterdam with a huge neon sign: "Snake's Discount Bomb Outlet — Terrorists Welcome — Major Credit Cards Honored." In any case, Snake wasn't bright enough to pull it off, so it could be hard time for all of us as a result, not that I cared a fig about the Dutch misfits.

Enough! I said it was criminal, plain and simple, adding that Snake should be ejected right then and there. We got into a shouting contest. The creep imagined that he was at least three beaks up in the pecking order from me and couldn't believe that I was standing up to him, as he could certainly take me apart, no problem. I resolved to gun him down the first firefight we got into, Vietnam-style. He was doubtless planning the same; I could read it in the paranoid bastard's eyes.

Well, the group resolved to clean up its act, but it was too late by a day's march. Soon after this we got a subtle hint that we were no longer welcome when someone hosed our barracks with AK fire one night. Some said it was Steff. In any case, the next day Steff gave us 48 hours to clear out of the base.

While we were packing, Snake went out of his way to provoke me into punching it out. I declined and decided a little backstabbing was in order. What's that, you say? It's not manly?! Damn straight it ain't, Sherlock; my mama didn't raise no fool. Mess with me and I'll sneak around at midnight and poison your dog. One of the guys told me he saw Snake stuffing 14 hand grenades into his car – jackpot! Just what I was hoping for.

Most of the guys figured the party was over and returned to Holland. I headed for Zagreb to request transfer to another unit. When I got there, I presented myself at the German Embassy and passed the wideeyed krauts a note detailing Snake's innovative export business, along with his car's license plate number. I was hoping he'd be caught at the German border, as opposed to liberal Holland.

I was on a roll. Not only had I escaped the Dutch nut-cases, but I was off to new faces and new adventures. I headed for a bar where the Internationals hung out and spotted a squad of redcoats.

"Mind if I join y'all?"

- "Bugger off, Yank."
- "I'll buy a round."

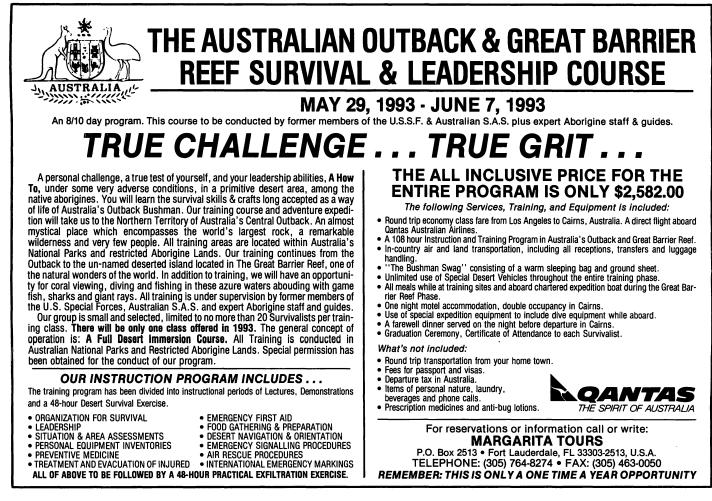
"Pull up a chair, mate. Always happy to bend an elbow with a bloody colonial."

I spent the next two months with the 83rd Battalion at Vinkovci, mostly hanging out with the Brit Internationals. They train 'em right in 'Er Royal Majesty's forces, they do, and I never saw any of the redcoats fire his weapon unless he intended to.

Later, word came down the grapevine that my dear friend Snake had been arrested in Holland with two pistols and several frags in his possession. *Adios amigo*, and have fun doing the jailhouse rock.

All in all, I'm proud to have been with the 1st Dutch, and count them all, with the obvious exception of the entrepreneurial

Continued on page 82



BARNES Continued from page 76

following Marian Shelton's death. In this version. Shelton's telephone was mysteriously ringing, and when Barnes picked it up, who should be on the other end but George Bush?

I don't guess we'll ever know why Marian Shelton took her own life that night, or if the coincidence of Barnes' presence there "bonded" him to Perot or vice versa. but I do know that Barnes never saved Perot \$4.2 million dollars in late 1986, as alleged in Lurie's article. Referring to a bizarre series of events involving another POW con, independent of Barnes, Lurie reports that Ross Perot was asked by (then) Vice President Bush to put up \$45,000 in order to bail out another known con man, Robin Gregson, aka John Obassy, who was in a Singapore jail for fraud, and to place \$4.2 million dollars in escrow in a Singapore bank against delivery of a controversial videotape, purporting to show live American POWs in Laos. This tape was allegedly in the possession of Gregson, who insisted on being bailed out before he provided the tape. Perot lost the \$45,000 bail money (a couple of minutes' interest on his fortune) when Gregson failed to return for trial. That's true.

It is not true, however, that Perot is somehow indebted to Barnes for saving him the \$4.2 million in escrow. Perot didn't just fall off the turnip truck on this one. At no time was Perot ever in danger of losing his money unless specific preconditions were met as to the videotape's authenticity. They weren't, and so Perot got his money back with interest.

But there was *some* special association between Ross Perot, Scott Barnes and David Taylor. Did that peculiar relationship conspire to alter the 1992 presidential election? Without question.

Between the time Oberwetter first talked to Barnes in April 1992 and when the Bush-Quayle campaign chairman met on 6 August meeting with a guy who called himself "Howard Parsons," an elaborate web had been constructed around Oberwetter by Barnes and Taylor to implicate him in a plot to sabotage Perot's campaign, thereby making the Republicans look bad.

According to reliable media sources in Washington, as early as June there were rumors around town that there appeared to be something odd going on, something to do with Barnes and Perot, but nobody paid much attention to it. Nevertheless, in a June interview, *The Washington Post* did ask Perot about Scott Barnes, indicating some level of journalistic interest. Perot referred to Barnes as a "mystery box," but said he routinely talked to Barnes when telephoned by him. Perot called Barnes "a sad little character I've never met in my life." So what did they talk about? Nobody asked; Perot didn't say.

In the weeks leading up to the

Democratic National Convention in New York City, Barnes was in frequent touch with both Taylor and Perot by phone. Barnes informed Taylor that he had been approached by Republican "opposition research operatives" who were interested in hiring Barnes to subvert Perot's campaign. Taylor passed this information to Perot. There is every indication that both men took Barnes very seriously.

During this period, Barnes and Taylor had Perot by the ears. Although Taylor now claims he was unaware of any plot to use composite photographs of Perot's daughter(s), or of any plans to disrupt Perot's daughter's wedding until after the convention, the Dallas private investigator later hired by Perot tells a different story. According to Jim Siano, "the first Perot ever heard of these pictures [of Perot's daughters] was on the videotapes provided to him by Barnes/Taylor."

In October, on the CBS broadcast 60 Minutes, Perot claimed it was the threat of these doctored, incriminating photographs and of the alleged GOP plans to disrupt his daughter's wedding that convinced him "it was a risk I did not have to take," and finally compelled him to drop out.

The Perot campaign, smarting from the bombardment of unfavorable press which followed Perot's 60 Minutes disclosures, went so far as to provide reporters with copies of Sybil Stockdale's personal diaries for the week of 12 July. "Ross called at 8:30 a.m.," Mrs. Stockdale wrote, "and told us he'll announce withdrawing in 30 minutes. He said it's really because press will expose dirt on his daughter who'll be married in August, but that's confidential." As a matter of fact, however, Perot was consciously misleading then, and deliberately misleading later when he publicly and "reluctantly" alleged that he dropped out because Taylor and/or Barnes, et al, informed Perot of the alleged plot. According to Don Hewitt, executive producer for 60 Minutes, Perot had urged CBS for "three or four weeks" prior to the broadcast to "look at the tape in the possession of David Taylor." And that Perot "considered [the tape] definitive visual evidence." Perot did drop out during the Democratic convention, so it appears either that he's lying or that Taylor or Barnes informed Perot of the alleged plot before the convention, contrary to what Taylor has claimed.

Taylor claims he was unaware of any plot to use composite photographs of Perot's daughter(s), or of any plans to disrupt Perot's daughter's wedding until after the convention and after Perot dropped out of the race. Barnes claims he was told that, "in New York at the Democratic National Convention, this entire undercover sting operation was brought to [Senator Tom Harkin's] attention." And both Barnes and Perot claim that it was the threat of these doctored, incriminating photographs and plans to disrupt the wedding which prompted Perot to drop out. And Perot did drop out during the convention, so what's wrong with this picture?

I asked Lorraine Voles, Sen. Harkin's press secretary, if Harkin had been provided a copy of a BBC videotape involving Scott Barnes.

"He was," she replied, "but the senator didn't watch it." (Almost like Clinton, who smoked pot, but didn't inhale.) "I don't care what Scott Barnes said, the senator was not involved, period. This guy's a nut. David Taylor mentioned this [whole affair] to the senator a number of times, and provided the videotape to him.," Voles added.

So what was on the videotape? "You'll have to ask David Taylor," Voles replied. "The senator returned it to the BBC in August or September, I can't remember." I don't get it, I said, what do Scott Barnes and David Taylor have to do with Sen. Harkin? Did the senator step on Barnes' dick, or what? "Excuse me," she said, "no reporter talks to me that way. I'm hanging up." And she did.

So Harkin had a potentially very incriminating videotape, but he didn't look at it? What was on the videotape? Well, there were quite a few BBC videotapes, apparently. Tapes of wiretapping equipment, their serial numbers, the equipment manufacturer's names, a diagram of Perot's office and a telephone list.

Then there were the tapes of Barnes picking up the wiretapping equipment from Sky Harbor Airport; there was one of Barnes making three telephone calls from a car phone to some poor dork in Washington, and another one of Barnes talking to Oberwetter over the telephone, and also one of Barnes meeting Oberwetter in front of Hunt Oil Plaza on 6 August, and one with Barnes meeting the FBI undercover guy at the Sheraton Park Central Hotel in Dallas. The only rational reason for the existence of all these videotapes would seem to be to implicate the GOP and/or Oberwetter in a plot to subvert Perot's presidential ambitions, thereby helping the Democrats.

On 31 July, Perot hired Jim Siano, a retired FBI agent who operates a private investigation firm in Dallas, as a private security consultant to make an initial evaluation of the facts. Siano retired as a special agent after 20 years with the FBI, and operates Special Services Group, a private investigative and security firm in Dallas.

Siano recalls that the first date he saw on a tape was June. Perot had tapes from Taylor, tapes from Taylor and Barnes, all kinds of tapes. Siano went to Perot's house the next day and even more tapes had arrived. There was only one thing to do, in

Continued on page 90

MARCH 93

Mr. Snake, as my friends and comrades in arms. Certainly they weren't the sort of fellows I'd recommend anyone hire to wash their canary. They deserved to be expelled and were. Still, one can't help but admire their undeniable courage and zest for adventure.

There has been an attempt by elements of the Dutch press to vilify them with the usual shoveling of manure familiar to 'Nam vets. The Dutch, celebrated for their propensity for efficient self-indulgence, would be well-advised to honor these heroes whose concept of the purpose of life extended beyond peddling a bicycle to the nearest orgy.

As for myself, I'm back in Joisey and pondering new adventures. I'm considering building a raft and sailing across the Pacific or looking for work as a combat photojournalist. Anyone interested in this scheme or any other crackpot idea is encouraged to write me, care of SOF. Kindly note that any letters containing felonious plans will be promptly forwarded to the FBI. See ya' in Saigon.

Tom Chittum is a Vietnam veteran seeking a publisher for his "Great American" Vietnam novel.

Editor's Note: Croatia has officially abolished the "International Brigade" and volunteers are no longer actively being sought. \Re

115 BATTALION

Continued from page 49

my working time with the battalion out at the range.

Firing was supposed to commence at 100 meters. At this range, recruits will often fire without placing any shots on the target or the target frame, leaving the cadre with no indication whatever as to where they are shooting and what effects, if any, improper sight alignment and/or flinching are having on their performances. We moved to only 25 meters. At this distance the recruits placed most of their shots at least on the target frame and we were able to correct the zero settings of their rifles, along with most errors in technique.

After that the recruits were taken back to the 100-meter line. Some of them continued to perform in a wildly erratic manner, which I ascribed to a lack of concentration. Attempting to apply psychology, I asked one soldier if he wanted to concentrate harder and learn to be an expert rifle shot and a good soldier, or would he rather I take him to Afghanistan to fight the Russians? He informed me that he wanted to come with me. So much for my expertise in applied psychology and my understanding of black African culture.

I also dissuaded them from playing music over the range loudspeakers. This

bizarre order, which apparently originated with someone at Northern Transvaal Command, had been intended to calm troops during live-fire training.

These soldiers are no different - and no better or worse - than any others I have observed throughout the world. They commit the same mistakes, such as failure to hold the buttstock firmly and fully into the shoulder, or grasping the magazine with the support hand when firing from the standing position, along with failure to assume the correct firing position.

115 Bn's troops are, however, generally eager to learn and sincerely wanting to become good soldiers. The warrior tradition is very much part of their culture. They are fortunate to have one of the finest combat commanders in the SADF.

Commandant Booyse started his career as a combat engineer and graduated from the School of Engineering at Kroonstad, South Africa. He was then transferred to 44 Para Brigade. From airborne school, Booyse went to South West Africa (SWA) in Oshekati and was stationed with the 25th Field Engineer Squadron. He saw extensive operational duty in the northern part of SWA and in Angola. He was then transferred to Windhoek with the SWA Field Engineer's Squadron and from there he went to the infantry.

Booyse was one of two founding members of the SWA Para Battalion. He subsequently transferred to Heidelburg in



QUESTIONNAIRE

Dear Reader,

We need your help in our nationwide survey. Will you please take a few moments of your time and fill out the bound in questionnaire and return to my attention.

The information requested will enable us to provide the type of magazine that you want. Therefore your answers are extremely valuable to us. Please fill out and return — no postage necessary. Thank you for your input! — RKB

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1 year or less 2 to 3 years	6 to 7 years 8 to 9 years	10 to 14 years 15 years or more	
4 to 5 years			

2. How many people read your copy?__

3. Please indicate your opinion for each of the articles/features which appear in the March 1993 issue of SOF. Did you feel the article and/or feature was very interesting, fairly interesting, slightly interesting, of no interest, or maybe you didn't read it?

Article/Feature	Page Number	Very Interesting	Fairly Interesting	Slightly Interesting	No Interest	Did Not Read
FN's Bizarre Bullpup Snipers of Vukovar Saddam's Revenge South Africa's Shield Speed Trap Day of the Jackass SOF Convention '92 Ross Perot's Favorite Flake Randy Weaver Clinton's Surprises						
Regular Columns						
Combat Weaponcraft Bulletin Board World SitRep FLAK Battle Blades I Was There	26 6 20 12 18 16					

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Thank you very much for your answers. FOLD TWICE AND TAPE TO SEAL. DO NOT STAPLE.

the southern Transvaal where he was course leader for the Junior Officers Formative Training. Next, he transferred up to Northern Transvaal Command and SO1 operations, and then to 115 Bn as OC. Booyse is one of the youngest lieutenant colonels in the SADF. He is also, in my opinion, a commander of great charisma and boundless energy.

South Africa appears headed for even more troubled times. If Mr. Nelson Mandela does not spearhead a new government shortly, the African National Congress (ANC) has threatened to give free reign to its military wing, the *Umkhonto We Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation), or M.K., as it is sometimes called.

SADF counterinsurgency units like 115 Bn seem to be on a collision course with these and other terrorist groups within South Africa. The readiness status of 115 Bn and other units like it may soon assume a high national priority in the Republic of South Africa. 115 Bn appears to have charted a proper course for its encounter with destiny. \Re

SNIPERS

Continued from page 41

shot. Four rounds fired – three hits and one confirmed KIA.

The initial program was so successful,

even after the Croatians took it over, that I took the second set of reloading tools and did something similar with a small unit of Croatians at Sisak, the Alamo position south of Zagreb.

Not long after this, the Yugoslav army lay siege to Vukovar, a medieval city on the banks of the Danube. As the tenor of battle heightened, units from surrounding towns were sent in. Some of those reinforcements were sniper trainers who carried with them some good rifles and ammo, along with copies of exterior ballistics charts and translated photocopies of the U.S. Marine Corps' scout/sniper manual.

For 89 days, 25,000 Yugoslav army troops and Chetnik irregulars, backed by artillery and T-84 tanks, tried to take Vukovar. The defenders numbered only about 5,000; they were spread along what amounted to a 100km front. Nonetheless the Croats held until they were out of ammo. Most defenders escaped through the marshes along the Danube, but a number were captured and murdered.

When the world media began to tell the story of what happened at Vukovar, the account was one of defeat for a mechanized modern army pitted against hometown amateurs who killed and wounded between 5,000 and 6,000 of the attackers.

Reading news accounts in London, I noted with warm satisfaction that a few of

the reporters had written that the most remarkable aspect of the defense was the unusual ability of well-hidden Croatian snipers, armed with hunting rifles, to make one-shot kills out to 800 meters.

John L. Hogan has instructed small military units on several continents, in several conflicts. He was a sniper in the Vietnam War and still is an avid varmint hunter.決

TALKIN' GNARLY

Continued from page 52

The TV monitors in the command post enabled Mouriski and his DEA counterpart, agent Chuck Kenerson, to review the videotapes daily and discuss Chuck's performance. "He never knew who was looking on the TV screens in the command post," Mouriski said. "He knew Chuck or I would always be there, but he didn't know when, say, the attorney general would be there, or the prosecutors, which was an additional pressure on him — but it was also a safeguard against entrapment."

"Most undercover agents play their role for 15 to 20 minutes at the most, in a typical buy-bust situation. Mine was eight to 10 hours a day for 10





months. It was important to establish rapport with them," Chuck recalled. After more than 100 suspects had been charged, he stepped out from the undercover role and began wearing three-piece suits, appearing in dozens of pretrial hearings and later in trials.

Asked what aspect of the investigation hit him the hardest, Chuck replied, "It was the people who looked like Ozzie and Harriet who brought their kids into the store and into drug trafficking. I never realized how many clean-cut-looking people were into making drugs. That was real scary. And when they brought their kids into it, that really bothered me."

- 1.S.X

SPEED TRAP

Continued from page 53

businessman who cooperated with authorities in the investigation. Later, after Triple Neck was publicized, some local media criticized the owner's earning about \$1 million through selling chemicals from Triple Neck.

Elsewhere, California's Attorney General John Van de Kamp announced in May 1987 that he was going to send a meth-lab team to San Diego. Agent Phil Donohue of the state Bureau of Narcotic Enforcement (BNE) headed this unit.

Subsequently, on Labor Day 1987, cooperating DEA and BNE agents seized a massive lab in La Quinta, outside of Palm Springs. "It was the granddaddy of all meth labs ... I've never seen a lab that big. One suspect told us it was a milliondollar cook," Donohue recalled.

"La Quinta was significant, not only for its size, but because they were producing methyl-methamphetamine. It was the first analog-lab case in California," D'Ulisse remarked. Intelligence from this raid led to state and federal drug legislation, which targeted this offshoot speed compound as well.

By 1 June 1988 the Triple Neck Scientific operation was wired and ready for serious action: A BNE undercover agent replaced the citizen/proprietor on June 28 (see sidebar). This former homicide detective took on the role of an outlaw biker. He would handle all transactions and discussions with customers.

Technicians had placed one camera behind the counter, one in the back room and one outside. All these cameras were linked to TV monitors and videocassette recorders set up in a nearby command post where agents could observe persons exiting the sting site.

Pooling resources, DEA and BNE supervisors amassed commitments for extra agents, telephones, beepers, electronic surveillance gear, computers, aircraft and for cellular telephones. They acquired a machine generating instant still

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images of any on-camera subjects visiting Triple Neck.

At first, the DEA had approved the Triple Neck storefront as a mechanism for agents to identify who the major meth producers were, which rogue chemical outlets were providing lab equipment and base ingredients, and also to learn what chemicals or new techniques were used by the cookers. As the operation evolved, however, it would actually compete with rogue suppliers and work toward becoming the major illicit chemical source in the San Diego area.

Now the DEA and BNE agents were in full control, talking to customers, recording them on videotape and often tracking them on the ground or by air after the patrons left with merchandise.

From June 1988, when the sting became fully operational, until the final champagne corks were popped the following January, more than 1,700 entries were made in the storefront log - counting customers who shopped there repeatedly. Of the more than 500 customers who visited Triple Neck, only three wanted legitimate items - things other than materials used to manufacture methamphetamine.

One of the innocents wanted a chemistry set for his child, another needed something to clean stains from a driveway, and the third asked for chemicals for her swimming pool. Triple Neck didn't sell such things; the three were sent away.

"Ninety-nine percent of the customers that walked in there had a predisposition to buy things to help them make meth. If there was any doubt, I told them to get out. I didn't pressure anyone [to buy]. In all the cases, the suspects hung themselves with their own words and we have them on film, so there'll be no entrapment issue," the undercover "store clerk" noted.

They learned as they went along. Some lessons were painful, as when agents tracked a buyer with 110 pounds of ephedrine to a suspect's house "We couldn't figure out how to take it down without jeopardizing the entire operation," Mouriski recalled. "It was a decision I made. It wasn't easy. We had a lot invested into this operation and had a rare opportunity to hurt the meth industry in San Diego in an unprecedented fashion, so we let it go." With "it" went the 110 pounds of ephedrine, the cost of fighting fire with fire.

Then ... on 20 August agents raided and closed RJM, the last rogue chemical company. By default Triple Neck was now the major San Diego County supplier for meth cookers.

Just days later, the sting operation became too successful. There were so many suspects entering the storefront that agents were forced to close it for two weeks to catch up on paperwork and find more assistance for tracking suspects and following up investigative leads.





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"We were overwhelmed," D'Ulisse said. "Overwhelmed in a way we'd never imagined. The number of people making and using methamphetamine was frightening. We could have had 800 DEA-BNE agents combined and that would not have been enough to investigate each and every lead."

Triple Neck reopened in early September, but the crush resumed and it was soon temporarily closed again. In October agents cut back to opening the storefront three days per week. A third shutdown came on 16 December.

The business was swamped — at least twice again before Christmas, overwhelmed agents had to lock the doors. In the few weeks remaining before Triple Neck closed for good in January, five methamphetamine suspects told the BNE clerk he should be careful because "the feds have the store under surveillance."

"Initially, we thought 15 agents would be plenty for the operation — that we'd shut [Triple Neck] down by September or October at the latest," D'Ulisse recalled. "It was staggering, the people who came in there, from all walks of life — from murderers and 10-year-old children to grandmothers and crime watch captains."

As a result, agents were "constantly in the compromising position of choosing which is the worst of the worst. Instead of taking down all suspects, the ideal situation, you're in a damage-control situation trying to evaluate which criminal is creating the most havoc for society, what crook is making 50 pounds instead of two or three," D'Ulisse said.

Triple Neck reopened for the final push on 9 January 1989, reinforced by 50 additional DEA and BNE personnel, bringing the total to 60-plus agents. These made up seven surveillance teams, working with three fixed-wing aircraft from the DEA, the BNE and the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms.

A week later the state sent in 20 more agents, "and still we didn't have enough people to follow every suspect," noted Mouriski of the BNE.

What began four years earlier as a vision shared by two frustrated DEA agents had mushroomed far beyond their first hopes. Their federal-state team was now marshaling forces for a major bust, supported by uniformed personnel from the San Diego Police Department and by county sheriff's deputies.

On 27 January 1989, more than 100 suspects were arrested and charged in a series of early morning raids stemming from the Triple Neck operation. Typical pickups might involve a family: Arrests included Deborah Dannals, her husband "J. D." and their 16-year-old son Tim, who visited the storefront often (see sidebar). The Dannals' 10-year-old daughter was not charged.

Triple Neck closed for good that afternoon at 4:16 p.m. when agents at the



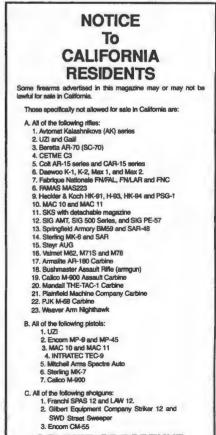


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command post broke out their champagne - seven surveillance terms had worked around the clock tracking meth suspects. Much of the burden would now shift to prosecutors under the U.S. Attorney office, the state attorney general and San Diego County's district attorney.

On 3 February, D'Ulisse opened his mail to find a copy of the Chemical Diversion and Trafficking Act of 1988, signed by President Reagan while he was still in office. Under the act, it was now "unlawful to possess any three-necked, round-bottom flask or other equipment designed to manufacture a controlled substance."

Triple Neck's symbol was now itself illegal.

According to Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas Ferraro, lead prosecutor in the Triple Neck proceedings, of the 107 suspects identified and targeted for arrest, there are eight fugitives who so far have eluded apprehension - most are believed to have fled into Mexico.

Ferraro noted that only one case was dismissed by a federal judge, while 32% of the suspects received sentences of 10 to 15 years, 10% got more than 15 years, 21% recieved between 5 and 10 years while 30% got up to five years - only 6% got probation. One major suspect, Steve Udell, was sentenced to 29 years and four months. Udell had possessed some 500 pounds of ephedrine.

Other statistics break down this way-In 1987, federal, county and local law enforcement agencies were seizing 13 to 16 meth labs per month. At the time, these figures were tops nationally; labs were blowing up in condos, hotels and desert communities, yet meth output kept escalating.

By the end of 1990, however, monthly average lab seizures had dropped significantly to three or four, according to Ferraro. He credited this to multi-agency cooperation furthered by the Triple Neck operation. The concept was unique in targeting crooked chemists, instead of merely buyers and sellers.

"The effect of the Triple Neck Scientific operation, based on statistics provided by the federal Drug Enforcement Administration, has been a significant reduction in the number of meth labs seized here," Ferraro noted. "San Diego County is no longer the meth capital of the country ... I don't think we've arrested all the meth manufacturers, but what we have done is tell criminal meth cookers that it isn't business as usual anymore ... DEA has told me the price of meth has gone up, which indicates that it isn't as available in this locality."

As a 10-year veteran prosecutor, Ferraro noted: "I've never been involved in an operation or case that has had the positive impact that this case has had on the community. Let's face it, that doesn't

happen often. And, don't forget, the cops did a great job here. All I did was take the cases presented to me to court, and all the suspects were on videotape. Their own words hung them."

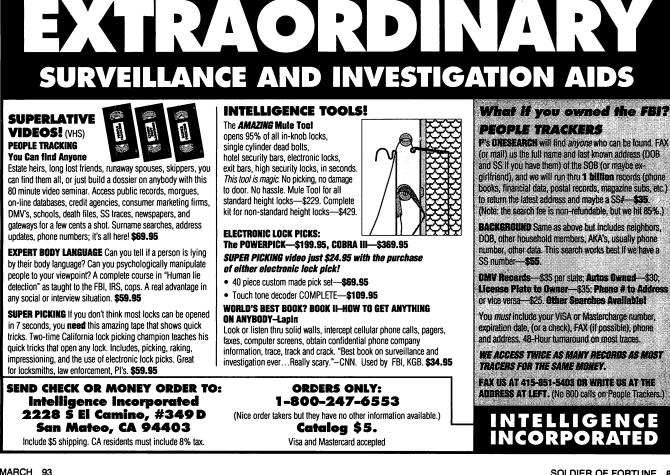
Isaac Staats is a 5th Special Forces Group veteran who lives in the San Diego area. He's authored several articles on SOG missions in Vietnam for SOF. 究

COMBAT WEAPONCRAFT

Continued from page 30

expanded diameter of approximately 0.5-inch.

The most effective general-purpose 5.56mm ammunition for assault rifles and carbines with muzzle velocities above 2,500 fps, such as the Colt M16/ AR-15 and M4/CAR-15, H&K G41 and H&K 33, or the Ruger Mini-14 is probably U.S. Military M855 62gr FMJ ammunition and the slightly less effective U.S. Military M193 55gr FMJ ammunition. The fragmenting behavior of most 5.56mm bullets in both soft tissue and in building materials drastically limits their over-penetration potential compared with that of many pistol bullets.



MARCH 93

In weapons with muzzle velocities below 2,500 fps, such as the H&K 53 and Colt XM-177/XM177E2, the M855 and M193 FMJ bullets do not fragment and have significantly reduced wounding effects. For these shortbarreled weapons with inherently poor wound-ballistic potential, the best ammunition choice is deforming JSP or JHP bullets, such as the Winchester 64gr JSP (X223R2), the Winchester 55gr JSP (X223R2), Federal's 69gr JHP (223M) or Federal's 55gr JHP (223C).

The incapacitation potential of 5.56mm bullets fired from weapons such as the Colt M16/AR-15 and M4/ CAR-15, the H&K G41 and H&K 33, or the Ruger Mini-14 is significantly superior to that of the best 9mm bullets fired from SMGs. When fired from short-barreled weapons like the H&K 53 or Colt XM-177/XM177E2, 5.56mm bullets do not produce significantly more severe wounds than those produced by 9mm bullets fired from submachine guns.

The only advantage 5.56mm bullets fired from short-barreled assault rifles like the H&K 53 have, compared with bullets fired from 9mm SMGs, is the ability of the 5.56mm bullets to penetrate soft body armor. The penalty for this advantage is the extreme muzzle flash and blast produced by short-barreled 5.56mm weapons. Dr. Gary K. Roberts is a Naval Dental Corps officer involved in wound ballistic research and combat casualtycare training. Special Agent Michael E. Bullian teaches law enforcement officer survival and weapons training at the California Department of Justice Advanced Training Center. $\tilde{\varkappa}$

SADDAM

Continued from page 45

"This is right out of *Dr. Strangelove*," said Rep. Joseph Kennedy II (D-Mass.), whose telephone has been ringing off the hook since he held a hearing in Boston during which Gulf War veterans told of symptoms appearing since the war. "This is an indication of the difficulties people face when they have environmental problems and they run into this mentality by their government." Kennedy wondered aloud why the onus of proof is on the veteran exposed to potentially harmful chemicals, as opposed to a veteran who might have been shot in a different war.

When I sought interviews with military doctors treating Gulf War veterans, I was told they couldn't talk. "Orders from DoD [Department of Defense]," said a commander at Bethesda Naval Hospital, where Mattis and other Marine personnel have been treated. When asked why, this commander (who asked not to be identified) said: "The Pentagon fears another Agent Orange crisis."

Disability payments for Agent Orangeexposed vets from the Vietnam era weren't approved until last year; the government still denies any connection between Agent Orange and some cancers. "The government mishandled the Agent Orange issue." noted former Veterans Affairs Secretary Edward Derwinski. "We want to be ahead of the curve this time." Derwinski set up VA referral centers in Los Angeles, Houston and Washington, D.C., to handle vets with "Gulf War" symptoms.

Derwinski also wants the government to give all Gulf War veterans a free physical and has asked Congress to establish a computerized registry to track their movements in Southwest Asia in the event researchers detect a common thread among ill veterans: The registry would become the VA's eves and ears to build a record for today and tomorrow.

While there was considerable variation among sites, data does suggest that 9% of Persian Gulf veterans may have been suffering from clinical PTSD (posttraumatic stress disorder) shortly after their return.

As a syndrome associated with readjustment difficulties. PTSD typically involves such symptoms as nightmares. flashbacks and anxiety attacks, all of which

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can occur years after the original exposure to a stressful situation.

Major Norwood noted how two soldiers she evaluated still reach for gas masks when they hear sirens. She also told members of the House Veterans Affairs Committee that the illnesses these reservists claim to have are "not in their heads."

"They are sick," Norwood said, "but we don't know why they don't feel well." More than 570.000 military personnel including National Guardsmen and reservists served in the Persian Gulf. Among service members who left active duty. an estimated 17.200 have used the VA's inpatient and outpatient services.

Within the past year, researchers have documented more than 300 cases of Gulf veterans reporting unexpected health problems including chronic fatigue, weight loss, bleeding gums, aching muscles, hair loss and memory loss.

Doctors are currently studying the problem at a VA center in North Carolina. near where 20% of the troops who served in the Persian Gulf are now based. However, these doctors may only be seeing the tip of the iceberg. The bulk of U.S. forces, some 300,000 men and women who served in the Gulf. are still on active duty and won't be eligible for VA services until they are discharged.

Phillip Fracia, a lung specialist in Durham. North Carolina, characterized the ailments as a puzzle with a few pieces missing, noting how as science searches for answers to this baffling illness. researchers may want to look beyond the burning oil wells for answers.

From talking to Gulf War veterans, it is clear that environmental concerns took second seat during Operation Desert Shield and Operation Desert Storm, with some desert encampments improperly using leaded gasoline, jet fuel and diesel fuels to fire kerosene heaters and potbellied stoves inside poorly ventilated tents. Some soldiers were ordered to continue aerobic training exercises amid the fumes from oil fires

At least one unit I observed spraved thousands of gallons of diesel fuel around their camp every week to control dust. Twice-a-week pesticide foggings left camps shrouded in heavy white clouds. At some camps, shower water was tainted by diesel fuel as the result of inadequate purging of tanker trucks. Soldiers and sailors unloading unventilated ships were subjected to weeks of strong diesel exhausts.

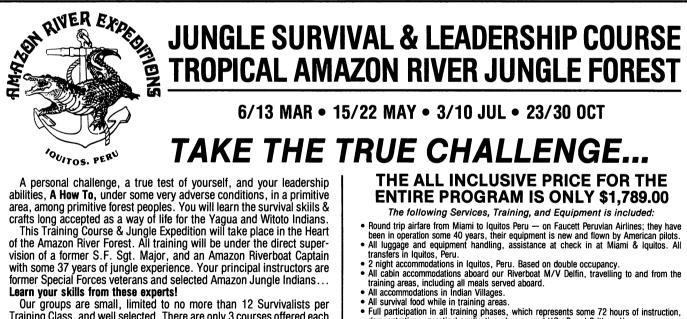
As an assistant professor of Environmental Medicine at the University of Texas Health Science Center in San Antonio, Dr. Claudia Miller serves as a consultant for the VA hospital in Houston where Gulf War veterans are being treated. "Of possible relevance to exposures in the Gulf is that complex mixtures of organic compounds such as combustion products appear to be among the most potent sensitizing agents." Miller explained.

While some experts argue that all we have seen to date are isolated anecdotes, adding that government decisions and actions should be deferred until we know the extent and nature of this so-called "Mystery Disease," Anthony Principi, the deputy secretary of Veterans Affairs, disagrees.

"I understand the need for more information," said Principi, who lost a lot of Vietnam buddies from exposure to Agent Orange, "but I will not subject Persian Gulf veterans to paralysis of analysis. I don't know what the problem is, and neither does anyone else." But he promises the VA will treat any veteran who enters one of its facilities, regardless of the symptoms.

Although the jury is still out on the Gulf War Syndrome, Principi told Congress he believes there is cause for concern. For that reason, no claim based upon environmental exposure in the Persian Gulf will be denied until Veterans Affairs has some answers as to what is causing this mysterious illness.

Dale B. Cooper covered the Gulf War for SOF from the ground, and continues his in-depth coverage with after action reports. 🕅



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WEAVER

Continued from page 67

Ruby Creek bridge barricade manned by scores of federal, state and local lawmen. Friends of the Weavers, Harris' parents and local residents angered by the massive federal intrusion gathered in the cold rain waiting for answers that were agonizingly slow in coming.

It was Monday before the FBI, which had taken control of the situation, revealed Sammy Weaver's death. They said they didn't know until agents probing around the Weaver cabin had found his body in a shed. This news enraged an already volatile crowd. During the following days, locals were joined by a few neo-Nazi supporters responding to news releases from Gritz that urged "patriots everywhere ... to converge on northern Idaho ... to demand the peaceful release of Randy Weaver and his family to avert any further bloodshed." Some of the neo-Nazis eventually helped influence Weaver to surrender by means of a letter with two genuine and several forged signatures, delivered by Gritz.

Gritz, who fondly compared the skinheads to "young Marines," gave the stiff-armed fascist salute to them as he walked back across the bridge after negotiating Weaver's surrender. He told one reporter the salute was part of Weaver's surrender agreement, then told another he was merely waving at the neo-Nazis.

Gritz revealed Vicki's Weaver's killing on Friday, his first day at negotiation. Gene Glenn, the FBI agent in charge at the scene, said agents were unaware of her death until Gritz learned of it. Randy and Sara Weaver, and Harris, all later scoffed at this notion, saying the federal negotiators realized very quickly that Vicki had been accidentally killed.

Although Gritz successfully concluded the siege, its effect on the lives of those involved, and on the whole community, will ripple through the years. Down at the barricade, David Trochman, who had come all the way from Montana, scribbled in his journal:

Monday, August 31, 1992: Randy surrenders. Emotions are running high. Questions were being asked if Randy gave up too soon? Did Vicki and Sam die in vain? ... Did Bo do this just to boost his popularity ...? By nightfall, there were only about 20 of us left.

"Tuesday, September 1, 1992: We broke camp after 11 days. But not until we got all of the license plate numbers and pictures of the feds that we could get! After 12 days, the campfire finally went out. But the coals are still burning ... "

James L. Pate is a former SOF Associate Editor and a frequent contributor. ℜ

SCOTT BARNES

Continued from page 81

Siano's opinion, and that was to go see Taylor as soon as possible.

Two days later Siano was sitting in Taylor's living room in Leesburg, Virginia, and there were even more tapes. While Siano was there, Barnes called Taylor from Prescott, Arizona, to talk about a number of schemes. When Siano got back to Dallas the next day, he told Perot he couldn't be sure, but it was his feeling that maybe this guy Barnes was a con man. But Perot said he had information from other sources, so he wanted Siano to stay on it and coordinate with the Dallas Police Department.

Siano said the FBI would have jurisdiction over interstate transport, wiretapping, elections ... that kind of stuff. Perot said he understood this, but he wanted Siano to arrange a "courtesy call" with Dallas Police Chief Bill Rathburn anyway. So, on 4 August he went up and talked to Chief Rathburn for about an hour, laid it all out — the tape recordings, the photographs, the players, the whole nine yards — and then the chief told him to take it to the FBI.

Siano then called the Dallas FBI special agent in charge, Oliver "Buck" Revell, and briefed him on the whole affair. That night, Siano said, he met with Barnes and Taylor in Dallas. He took with him an undercover FBI agent by the name of George Allen. Neither Barnes nor Taylor were aware that Allen was FBI.

Barnes had picked up some equipment from a storage locker at the airport. "It wasn't sophisticated stuff," Siano said. "I'm not a tech guy, but it looked like maybe stuff I might have used 10 years ago. Radio Shack kinda' stuff, maybe a little better."

"Taylor set it up," Siano continued. "They had a schematic floor plan and a bunch of other stuff." The other stuff seemed to confirm a lot of what Barnes and Taylor were claiming — airline tickets, hotel receipts, phone bills — all allegedly paid for by GOP sources. Taylor announced that he and Barnes had set a meeting with Oberwetter for 6 August.

It was a lose-lose situation for the FBI. They knew who Barnes was and were fairly sure this wasn't going to be anything, but according to agent Revell, Taylor's corroboration of the wiretapping accusations "gave the allegations more credibility ... Had it been Barnes alone coming to us with these charges, we probably would not have acted on them in the manner in which we did."

And, to be fair, there were the airline tickets, the receipts, the toll calls, all of which had to be checked out. What did their investigation reveal? "We later determined they were real, but they were fiction. Anybody can make an airline reservation, or a hotel reservation, and say it was the GOP who was paying for it. But it doesn't mean they did," Revell said.

At any rate, once the FBI had their guy in place, it was as much to watch Taylor and Barnes as anything else. "There was never any thought of entrapping Mr. Oberwetter," Revell said, "and Mr. Oberwetter never once demonstrated any intent to commit a criminal action – never."

The FBI concluded the Dallas phase of its investigations the first week of November. "Dallas [FBI] submitted its report to the Department of Justice," Revell said, "and in it we made a number of recommendations, but it would be improper for me to say what those recommendations are." Clearly, it ain't over 'til it's over.

Fortunately for Oberwetter, however, he proved to be an honest man who never once took the bait when undercover FBI agent Allen, posing as "Bob Watson," twice offered him wiretaps of Perot's office. He's still angry about it though, and says he has every right to be, "because one or more of these people tried to put me in jail."

Oberwetter is still keeping his legal options open. He told *The Washington Post* on 28 October 1992, "I'm increasingly concerned that with each rock that is turned over, we get closer and closer to Mr. Perot's office."

"I'm not sure what I'm going to do next, but I think the BBC has certainly gone out of its way to consistently implicate me in something illegal. And I think the BBC bears great responsibility for what's happened."

As for Taylor and Barnes: On 11 August, Barnes was visited at his dress shop ("Jessica Lynn Fashions") in Prescott, Arizona, by two FBI agents who wanted to ask him some questions. While they were there, Barnes got a frantic telephone call from Taylor, who told him that there were two FBI agents in his BBC office in Washington. Barnes then reportedly turned and asked the agents, "Any guarantee of immunity?" They said no.

And as for Perot? Well, maybe you heard him that day on Cable News Network, following the 60 Minutes broadcast, when his central core seemed to melt down.

"I don't have to prove anything to you people," Perot told the assembled press. "Was I making up stories? No - and that's all you need to know."

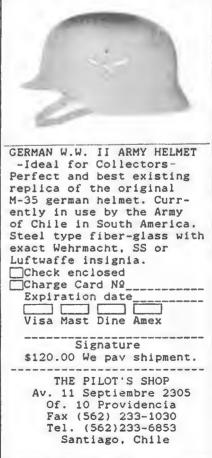
Repeated phone calls to H. Ross Perot have gone unreturned.

Jim Coyne, a former SOF staffer, is now a freelance writer. \Re









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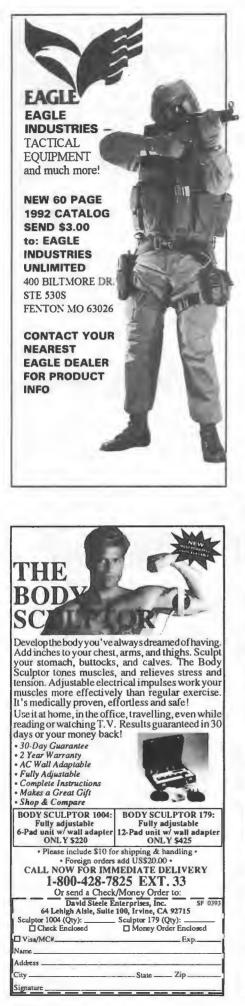
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